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THE  
SPORTING  
LOOK  
  
OLD  
AND  
NEW



IN the eyes of its editor, Fred R. Smith, and his associate, Jo Ahern Zell, *The Sporting Look* is far more than a fashion section (although that is certainly one of the things it is, as in this week's sweater story on page 75). It is also a vital part of the story and history of sport itself, telling each week in pictures and a few words what sports do for clothes and what clothes do for sports.

Fred Smith put it this way in a recent address to the Clothing Manufacturers Association:

"When a photographer brings in a take of a field trial, the event has a flavor about it that is more than guns and dogs. It shows up in the brush pants and Loden coats and corduroy shooting jackets. And when a writer describes the U.S. Open, he discovers that Jimmy Demaret's mauve linen pants and the brilliant colors of his golf club mits are almost as much a part of the story as birdies and bogies."

Around the turn of the century any writer charged with similarly describing golf had no choice but to note suit coats, vests with pendant watch chains, four-in-hands, even wing collars; and on the ladies: the few there were—skirts which combed the fairway, unmalloable shirtwaists of iron starch and, atop the head, heribboned skimmers. At least this costume was adaptable. It applied equally to bicycling, tennis and croquet, and, with duster and goggles, to horseless-carriageing. Even the bathing suit showed marked relationship to the garb of the links, the court and the lawn party. Nobody would have said sports weren't delightful, but who could say they were easy?

It's always been simplest and the most fun to start the clothing revolution with Annette Kellerman. With

an interest which went beyond mere wading into the wild realm of swimming, she peeled off vast expanses of waterlogged silk and dived happily in the direction which *seems* to have reached its ultimate in the Bikini. Years later Suzanne Lenglen lopez onto the courts at Forest Hills wearing silver foxes—a different version of "the sporting look" but the sporting look for all that. And perhaps Gusie Moran carried this tradition as far as it can go.

SI approaches the matter in *The Sporting Look* from three different points of view. First, from that of participant clothes, as, for example, in the article on hunting dress in the Nov. 8 issue. Then, there's what the spectators have on, and—whether at a football game, boat race, or ski jump—a costume has evolved for each sport. But third, and perhaps of greatest significance to most of us, are the ways in which sport rules the clothes we wear *every day*. "Sports shirts" now imply a good deal more than the use to which they were originally put. "Bermuda" or "walking" shorts are hardly confined these days to people walking in Bermuda. These, and other apparel items like them, are for many the chosen raiment for going shopping, or to class, or across the street. They are, to use the language of the race track rather than of the salon, "by Sport, out of Preference."

Next week *The Sporting Look* takes a long look at the sporting look on the Riviera; and after that at what they wear while skiing at Davos, in the Swiss Alps, bathing in southern California and sailing in cold weather; and for good measure we'll also have, when it gets cold, this winter's well-dressed dog.

It's a long way from starched bosoms and wing collars.

Harry Phillips

# GINNY GETS HER GUN— AND TWO FINE BIRDS

A rifle champ tries out her new shotgun on Oregon's special junior game-bird preserve



**BIRD IN THE GRASS** sends Mike (left) flying while Ginny and her father watch.

PORTLAND, ORE.

FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD Virginia Walsh, of Portland, the young lady so intently following her dog Mike through the tall grass (left) while her father tags along behind, is one of the 35 teen-agers who, on Saturdays and Sundays from late September to early November, have been going after the birds on the E. E. Wilson Wildlife Management Area, deep in the heart of Oregon. This game-bird preserve is a pretty special place. There are 2,116 acres to roam around on, gun in hand and dog at point (now and then). But there's a special twist to this dreamy, staked-off area in the Willamette Valley woods—this place is marked, as it were, "For Juniors Only." You'll see adults there, as walkers and helpers, but not shooting. That's forbidden, because this is for young hunters only.

All this may sound as though it's a cinch to bag the daily two-bird limit, but Ginny could tell you a different story. As a matter of fact, less than one pheasant per young hunter has been averaged on Wilson since it opened in 1951 as the bird-hatchling (true compliment intended) of John McKenn, chief of game operations for the Oregon Game Commission. The cover in much of the preserve is so thick that the pheasants have plenty of chance to sneak away; and the field trials and dog-training courses held there just before the season



**BIRD ON THE WING** brings Ginny's gun up as she catches pheasant going away.



**BIRD FALLING** is Ginny's reward. Unused to shotguns, she had some early misses.



**MIKE RETRIEVES** pheasant like experienced hunting dog—which he was not.

opens make the birds really wily.

Ginny Walsh certainly did, and for more reasons than those stated above. She and her dog Mike were both a mixed-up couple when they took to the preserve one morning recently, before the heavy ground fog had lifted and while the birds were still huddled in night-roosts. Ginny, the Girls' Outdoor State Champion with a .22 rifle, was trying out her shotgun for the first time. Mike, a cross of Labrador and Weimaraner, hadn't really been born to point. But before the day was out, both of them had learned—and well.

#### A BAD BEGINNING

The beginning was bad. Mike flushed a fine cock pheasant right before Ginny's eyes. Up came Ginny's gun—but it never went off. She had forgotten to flip off the safety catch, and she dropped into the grass with a long "oooh" of shame.

But the ending was swell. After the thickets, in the open fields, Ginny got the hang of her gun. Mike pointed like a veteran. Before the day was over, Ginny had bagged her limit. As she left the preserve's checking station, she patted her 20-gauge shotgun happily. Her .22 rifle, presumably, had lost her forever—because no matter how much fun it may be to pop bull's-eyes on a paper target, there's nothing to beat the thrill of a couple of birds in the hand.

—DUANE DECKER



**GINNY DISPLAYS** a delighted grin and her day's bag—two hefty cock pheasants—as partner Mike stands by to take his share of praise for successful limit hunt.

**JIMMY JEMAIL'S  
HOTBOX**



JIMMY JEMAIL

**The Question:**

**Balzac once said: "I have noted that most women who sit a horse well are lacking in tenderness." Are they? (asked of participants in national horse shows).**

**HONEY CRAVEN, Brookline, Mass.**  
Ringmaster



"Not most women. A few may be mannish, but the average woman who sits a horse well is keen on life. She loves competition and excitement. At the finish of a ride, I have observed that a woman really glows. Competition gives her a greater zest for everything and makes her more desirable."

**LT. COL. VALENTIN BULNES, Captain**  
Spanish team



"No. On the contrary, she's most tender, particularly when she's done well in competition. Tell her how wonderfully she rode and she rewards you with that oh so tender look. She can lead a man as she does a horse. She couldn't if she were masculine and lacked tenderness."

**W. R. BALLARD, Captain**  
Canadian team



"I agree 100%. If a woman has a horse in her heart, she has no room for a man. The one who takes top honors isn't going to take dictation. She's so accustomed to digging her spurs into the flanks of a horse that she'd have no hesitation booting a man out of her life."

**MRS. CHARLES B. LYMAN, West Chester, Pa.**  
Breeder



"No. My father, a cavalry colonel, said to me when I married: 'Now that you are about to leave me, I want you always to be the finest horsewoman while riding. But when you're off your horse, I want you to be the best-dressed, sweetest-smelling and prettiest girl at the party.'"

**GEN. ALBERT H. STACKPOLE, Harrisburg, Pa.**  
President  
Pa. Natl. Horse Show



"No. Look how well those lovely ladies ride their horses in the ring. Any of them can be as feminine as a clinging vine, although I've known some 'dingy vines' who were as hard as nails underneath. Lack tenderness? Well, they don't shimmer as they walk their horses."

**MRS. ROBERT BUNKE, MIDDLEBURG, Va.**  
Rider and trainer



"Balzac never met the right woman. There are many women like me who love the feminine approach. Know something? The men love it, too. Even hard-bellied judges and ringmasters are susceptible to the feminine in a horsewoman. Men as well as horses respond to tenderness."

**DR. GUSTAV RAU, Captain**  
German team



"No. The real horsewoman is a charming socialite. Among those who sit a horse well are the finest ladies. But I know the type of horsewoman Balzac refers to. Horses are her only interest. She does little else but ride, breed and train horses. She even cares for them in the stable."

**WALTER S. DEVEREUX, NYC, N.Y.**  
President  
National Horse Show



"No. A woman must have understanding and compassion in order to ride a horse well. Horses must like her. She can't be a great rider without these qualities. Since horse and man are the two principal beasts of burden, it logically follows that she can handle men equally well."

ARTHUR J. McCASHIN, Pluckemin, N.J.  
Captain, U.S. Team



"She stands on her own feet, but she can be as feminine as any woman. My wife has been master of the rounds for seven years. She rides as hard as any woman. But she loves the daintiest things. We have four boys. She dotes on them. No one is more feminine."

BRIG. GEN. HUMBERTO MARILES, Captain  
Mexican team



"Yes. It is very difficult for a superb horsewoman to find the right man for a husband. Unfortunately, she herself is the stronger personality. That is rather sad, but true. She must marry a man who rides better than she does. Generally he is the only man who can control her."

JOE MULRANEN, New Britain, Pa.  
Ringsmaster



"They look stunning in their riding habits, and any of them can be tenderness itself when they want to. It makes me feel so good when I see a lady gently stroke a horse's neck. Then I see her savagely dig her spurs into the same horse and I begin to reason like Balzac."

#### NEXT WEEK'S QUESTION:

It has been said that boxing cannot exist unless it does business with the underworld. What do you think?



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## PAT ON THE BACK

Herewith a salute from the editors to men and women of all ages who have fairly earned the good opinion of the world of sport, regardless of whether they have yet earned its tallest headlines



**FAMELA TEAGUE**, 12-year-old daughter of a pub landlord in Scorrier, Cornwall, is one of England's best young horsewomen. Pam won her first prize riding in a special basket saddle at the tender age of 21 months, and thus far has won 42 silver cups and more than 50 other prizes. She emulates England's famous equestrienne, Pat Smythe, and says she is "only really happy when I have a horse under me."



**DICK BASS**, Vallejo, Calif., high school senior, may be the hottest halfback in football today. In eight games Dick scored 32 touchdowns and 32 conversions for 234 points, averaged 14.1 yards a carry. He has already had mail from two dozen colleges and been scouted by the pros.



**DON CARTER**, 26, has been Bowler of the Year and national match game champion two years running. He now rolls for the Anheuser-Busch Brewery in St. Louis, led Pfeiffer Beer of Detroit to the national title in 1953. Don has rolled ten 300 games.





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COVER: Y. A. Tittle of the 49ers

Photograph by FRED LYON

The man in the mask on SI's cover had a good day last Saturday, even though his team did not. The 49ers were beaten 48-7 by the Detroit Lions, but Quarterback Tittle (see page 34) completed 11 of 25 passes. Y.A.'s plastic mask is designed to protect his nose and teeth; the leather-covered metal handle is a special innovation to guard his cheekbone, crushed by a knee last year

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## IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

HOW BOXING TAKES CARE OF ITS OWN:  
THE \$500,000 BEAU JACK NEVER GOT

In 27 hours a Georgia shoeshine boy earned a half million dollars. Who got it? Today he's living in poverty. Now BEAU JACK, assisted by CHARLES SAMUELS, tells what he knows

## A LOT FROM A LITTLE

That's what Columbia gets from Lou. Even when he loses the alumni love him. A portrait by WILLIAM PETERS

## LOVE SETS AND DIRTY SHIRTS

Sid Wood and Don Budge ran a tennis club and a laundry. This curious combination is described by SAM BOAL

## SAILORS CALL THEM STINK-POTS

But power boats, from outboards to the Sic-Mo-Shun, are growing in popularity. A report on the 1954 season by RICHARD N. BAYLER JR. and W. MELVIN CROOK

PLUS: VINTAGE CARS, CAVE-EXPLORING AND THE RIVIERA, ALL IN FOUR-COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS

# MARTINEZ & THE \$20,000

On Oct. 29th Vince Martinez knocked out Carmine Fiore at Madison Square Garden. Four thousand fans were at ringside, millions saw the fight on television, but none was aware of the dirty drama that served as a prologue. SI tells this story for the first time and demands again: boxing's dirty business must be cleaned up now

VINCE MARTINEZ is an up-and-coming welterweight of 25 whose biggest winning purse so far has been \$27,000. Three weeks ago he was offered \$20,000 to lose. SI here tells the story—the latest chapter in the story of boxing's dirty business—for the first time.

The story begins on Wednesday, Oct. 27 when Vince Martinez finished his morning roadwork in Paterson, N.J. He was training for a Madison Square Garden fight, two nights later, with Carmine Fiore. At lunchtime Martinez drove to his nearby home. As he parked his car a voice called, "Hey, Vince!"

Martinez turned and saw two men loitering on the sidewalk a short distance away. They beckoned and Martinez walked over.

Without any preparation one of the men made the pitch. "How would you like to make a fast \$20,000? All you have to do is lay down for Fiore."

Vince has what his older brother Phil calls "pride." "He's not cocky," says Phil, "but he knows he's a fighter and he knows he's good." Vince had beaten Fiore in 1953, and had a record of 38 wins, 3 defeats. He was eligible for a match with the welterweight titleholder, Johnny Saxton (SI, Nov. 1). Saxton's crown is worth roughly \$150,000 to the wearer.

Martinez gave them a short answer. "Are you guys crazy? I'm in line for a title fight and you want me to lay down for this guy?"

"Think it over carefully, Vince," he was advised. "And don't do anything that might get you hurt." The conversation ended on this threat of violence. The men walked round the corner and drove off in a car.

That evening a worried Martinez, keeping the offer to himself, went back to the gym for a sparring session. He performed like a sloppy novice, missing openings, getting hit easily and often. It was apparent that Vince was not himself.

On Thursday Vince confided in his brother Phil. And Brother Phil gave him the right advice. They called the New York State Athletic Commission, under whose jurisdic-

tion the fight was being held. The commission at once arranged a meeting in Manhattan with District Attorney Frank Hogan's office for that evening.

Vince told his story and the D.A.'s staff went to work. When the Martinez group left Hogan's office they were under a heavy but almost unobtrusive guard which stuck to them wherever they went.

Meanwhile the odds on the fight shifted peculiarly. On Wednesday Vince was a 13-to-5 favorite. By Thursday night, when presumably the bets were down, the figures sagged to 9-to-5. But by fight time the odds were again 13-to-5. It is conceivable that somebody had spotted the Martinez bodyguard.

It is the custom at Madison Square Garden to play *The Star-Spangled Banner* before the main event. The house lights dim; the fighters stand motionless by their corners. There was a slight change for the Martinez-Fiore fight. Instead of just being dimmed, the Garden lapsed into near-total darkness. Around Martinez, unseen in the gloom, stood the D.A.'s bodyguard.

The fight was all Martinez although he relied mainly on a jab, cautiously keeping his right high to protect against Fiore's wild left swings. Vince knew he could not afford to lose this fight; if he did and news of the attempted fix got around he would be accused of taking a dive. Fiore was doing his best to beat him.

By the seventh round Fiore was through. Vince waded in and hammered him helpless on the ropes. Referee Harry Kessler stopped the fight.

Afterward, the Martinez party was escorted to the New Jersey line.

Obviously, the story is not ended yet. District Attorney Hogan and his men are hunting for the gamblers who wanted a sure thing. Clues in the long story of the gambler-ridden fight racket are scant.

And Vince Martinez? He is looking for a crack at the title. As Phil Martinez says, "When you're clean, you got nothin' to be afraid of."

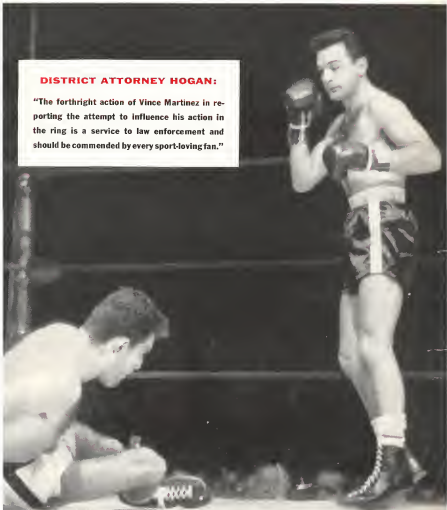


FOR OTHER NEWS OF THE BOXING  
BUSINESS TURN THE PAGE

## FIX THAT FAILED

**DISTRICT ATTORNEY HOGAN:**

"The forthright action of Vince Martinez in reporting the attempt to influence his action in the ring is a service to law enforcement and should be commended by every sport-loving fan."



Clean-cut Vince Martinez stands over Carmine Florè after loser slipped in the first round of fight

# THE BOXING GUILD & THE \$100 RECEIPTS

WHILE District Attorney Frank Hogan sought the two men who attempted to bribe Vince Martinez, another boxing investigation got under way last week in New York City. Parading before the State Athletic Commission headed by Robert K. Christenberry were managers, promoters and match-makers who hurled charges and countercharges at each other with a ferocity that would have been enviable in their fighters.

Up for scrutiny were the activities of the New York local of the International Boxing Guild, an organization of managers. Members of the Metropolitan Boxing Alliance, an insurgent group, had filed 13 affidavits with the commission accusing the Guild of blacklisting, discrimination, coercion,

extortion and of levying a \$100 tribute on both members and nonmembers for every televised fight in which one of their fighters appeared. Holding what purport to be canceled checks and receipts for the \$100 payments (see below), M.B.A. members told the commission that anybody who failed to pony up the \$100 was "grounded," unable to get a fight for his boy. Said M.B.A. Lawyer H. Jordan Lee: "We feel the Guild is such a corrupt, vicious organization that to permit its practices to continue must result in the death of boxing."

Guild men freely admitted collecting the \$100 but insisted the money was proffered voluntarily to the Guild for its efforts to raise purses. The Guild stuck to its guns despite evidence which

showed that the "voluntary" contributions in many cases were taken off the top of a fighter's purse by a checkoff.

I.B.G. President Charlie Johnston countered, "We don't know what's in their affidavits but what's in it must be lies. They can't prove anything because we don't do anything. . . . They're just looking for power. Just like radicals."

More confusion was thrown in the cloudy waters when Gus D'Amato, Guild collector of the \$100 payments, took the stand. After admitting that he did not know what became of the money after he turned it in, D'Amato ingenuously parried a question on his official Guild position by saying he was "not sure until I am certain what the commission is trying to get at."

## THESE ARE THE M.B.A. RECEIPTS:



**RECEIPTS** for \$100 payments will be offered in evidence by Metropolitan Boxing Alliance. Receipt at top left belongs to M.B.A. president Al Braverman, who said, "I don't mind if those fellows

care to eat a whole loaf of bread. However, even sparrows are entitled to crumbs." Under Braverman's receipt is one held by Sam Golden, former part manager of Hurricane Jackson.



## THESE ARE THE PRINCIPALS:



1. **ANGELO** (*Squeezed da Banana*), assistant match-maker at St. Nicholas Arena, denied black list of managers existed. 2. **RAY ARCEL**, TV boxing promoter, admitted paying \$13,000 for advertising in limited-circulation magazine published by the Guild. 3. **GUS D'AMATO**, Guild collector, drew laughs with his vague answers to questions. 4. **BILLY BROWN**, Madison Square Garden match-maker, took oath, swore Garden never used check-

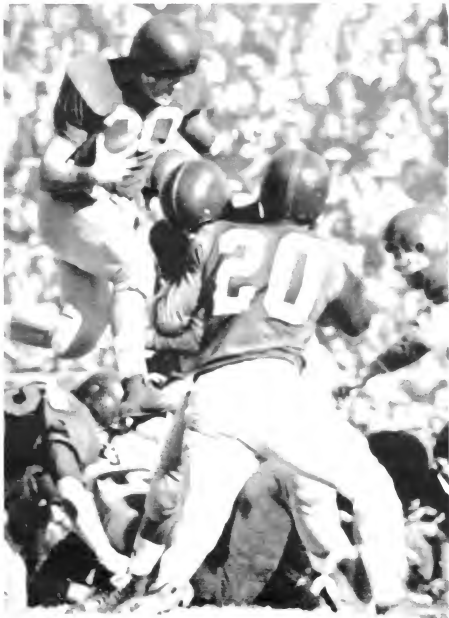
off system to collect \$100. 5. **CHARLIE JOHNSTON** (left), International Boxing Guild president, Bill Daly (center), treasurer of I.B.G. and manager-of-record of Vince Martinez, conferred with their lawyer, Murray Frank. Daly is embroiled in hassle with Martinez family, who claim Daly has impeded Vince's battle for a shot at welterweight title. Daly's contract with Martinez runs out early next year, will not be renewed.

## COMMISSIONERS:



**ROBERT K. CHRISTENBERRY** (left), commission head, confers with Commission Counsel Manuel Robbins (right) while Com-

missioner Leon F. Swears listens. Not in picture but seated at Christenberry's right is Commissioner Chlan B. Powell.



# GAMES OF THE WEEK

*As tricky mid-November winds whistled through the country's football stadiums, the 1954 season began to sort itself out. Conference contenders were being put to their last and most punishing tests, but unbeatens Ohio State came through nobly in the Midwest, and so did Michigan. On the West Coast, Southern California took Washington in stride and got ready to meet mighty U.C.L.A. Unbeaten Oklahoma rolled along easily as did Notre Dame, Army and Navy. Traditional rivalries bounced up from coast to coast. Last week, as football's*

*final examinations got under way, so did a war of wits, big and small. Princeton pulled out; so did Wichita, and so did little Dayton. But in many ways the biggest upset of them all took place in a town called Fayetteville, Ark., where defeat at last came to a wonder team of Arkansas Razorbacks. They had staggered through seven games, doing almost nothing right for most of the afternoon but always winning with a wage eleven-hour touch. Last Saturday they ran into a Southern Methodist team that did everything right.*

## SOUTHERN METHODIST 21      ARKANSAS 14

by BILL RAPPLEYE

FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.

ONE-THIRD of the 75-man troop of Arkansas state police was dispatched to patrol the traffic around Fayetteville. Scalpers were hawkling tickets for the Southern Methodist-Arkansas game for as much as \$100. By kickoff time, 29,000 spectators had filled the stadium to see if Arkansas, riding a phenomenal and almost inexplicable seven-game victory streak, could wrap up win No. 8 and an almost certain invitation to the Cotton Bowl. The tension was as high as tension can get.

Then SMU spoiled the occasion by

handling the Razorbacks of the Ozarks like plain old harnyard pigs. The Mustangs ran up a 21-0 lead after three quarters. Citizens of Fayetteville had seen Coach Bowden Wyatt's team behind before. But an incredible ability to hush out with a winning rally had salvaged more than one near-defeat. And once again, in the fourth quarter, Arkansas came back wild and strong. Only this time they went into their comeback specialty too late. SMU won, 21-14, knocking Arkansas off the undefeated list, out of fourth place in the national polls, and out of first place in

the Southwest Conference—a spot the Mustangs took over for themselves.

SMU did it in part by turning Arkansas' ball hawking, always its greatest defensive strength, into a weakness, through the deft double faking of the "belly series." They also did it because Halfback Frank Eidom turned in the game of his life for Coach Woody Woodward. Eidom carried 32 times from scrimmage for 163 yards. When the day was done, Eidom had scored all three of his team's touchdowns—one after catching a pass on a 22-yard play, another over right tackle for 28 yards and

*continued on next page*



SOUTHERN METHODIST and Arkansas played a typically rugged Southwest Conference brand of football. Fullback Henry Moore (opposite page) stepped none-too-lightly out for a seven-

yard Arkansas gain, but before the final gun, SMU backs, like John Marshall, shown above sprinting 17 yards off tackle, had rattled the Razorback line for 450 yards and an upset.

the last the easy way: by leaping over the line for one yard.

The victors started out in the underdog role familiar to Arkansas, and played the hungry kind of ball that has become Arkansas' trade-mark. The Razorbacks, for the first time this season, looked flat. SMU was beating the enemy line to the charge, catching them out of position and in general the quarterbacking of Duane Nutt had the Razorbacks thoroughly bamboozled. When Arkansas got leery of tackling the front man on the belly play, Nutt would let him keep the ball. When they concentrated too hard on watching both line smashers, SMU would pass.

In the last quarter, after playing the sluggish kind of football predicted for them before the season began, the Razorbacks caught fire. Sophomore Tailback George Walker passed for a touchdown. SMU ruined the next Arkansas thrust by holding on the four. The Razorbacks managed one more score in the last minutes, and had just recovered a fumble when the gun went off.

The surprising Razorbacks still have a chance for the championship. SMU now must get by both Baylor and TCU to take the title. If they lose one of these games, the crown will go to Arkansas, which finishes out the season against nonconference teams.

**MINNESOTA 22**
**IOWA 20**


**FOOTBALL** is a game of good fortune and meritment, also of heartbreaks and dejection. Minnesota players were quick to host Captain Bob McNamara to their shoulders after he scored two touchdowns in the close win over Iowa. Hardly ready to cheer was Iowa's Lou Matykiewicz (left), a walking picture of disappointment.

**RAZORBACK BOWDEN WYATT**


**A**T THE beginning of the season, the football experts sadly asked one another: "Would he win a game?" Deciding he might—with a little luck—win a couple, they picked Bowden Wyatt's Arkansas Razorbacks to finish sixth in the seven-team Southwest Conference. Last week the confused experts, after seeing the Hogs win seven in a row, finally saw him lose one. Nonetheless, many of them were ready to concede that Wyatt, in his second year as coach of a team which had won but ten games in the three previous seasons, was a logical and obvious enough choice to be 1954's Coach of the Year.

Bowden Wyatt is an efficient 38-year-old man who can credit the Razorbacks surprising rise to power in the Texas-dominated conference on the

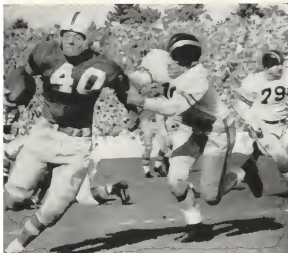
ability of his players if he chooses to. But those who know the score will give credit where it rightfully belongs: to Wyatt himself, a hibernating, reclusive coach whose every ounce of energy is dedicated to football.

From Loudon (Tenn.) High School, Wyatt went to Tennessee where he became an All-America end under General Robert R. Neyland. After five years as assistant coach at Mississippi State, he took over at Wyoming, where the Cowboys soon won Skyline Conference titles and Bowl bids. Wyatt took over at Arkansas in January 1953, won three games that season before his system began paying off.

The key to the system: teamwork and harmony among players, his assistants and himself. "Bowden's philosophies on football," says his wife, "are his building blocks. They're his hobbies, his vacations and his Sunday nights. He gives his players everything he has and he keeps building."

**PRINCETON 21**


**THREE** Yale players were injured against Army. Five more got the call against rough Princeton, sending Yale to Harvard Saturday in what coach Olivar calls "a helluva fix."



**RUNNING** as though he had his sights set square on the Rose Bowl, Ohio State's Howard (Hopalong) Cassidy dashed 25 yards on this play before being driven out of bounds by Purdue's Ed Neves. He later ran 68 yards for a touchdown. Cassidy and his unbeaten Big Ten mates can clinch the Bowl trip by dowsing Michigan this Saturday.

## YALE 14



Tiger Sid Finch gained five yards here, but the game's honors went to Royce Pippin who scored all three touchdowns, including the tie-breaker with only 16 seconds remaining.

**OHIO STATE vs. MICHIGAN,**  
Next Week: **UCLA vs. SOUTHERN CAL.,**  
**YALE vs. HARVARD**

## HICKMAN'S HUNCHES

for

Games of Saturday, Nov. 20

● **U.C.L.A. vs. Southern Cal.** In September I said U.C.L.A. would win the P.C.C. championship, and Southern Cal. would go to the Rose Bowl. I repeat . . . U.C.L.A.

● **Ohio State vs. Michigan.** The Big Ten title and the Rose Bowl go with this TV game. Case history indicates the Wolverines will win, but . . . OHIO STATE.

● **Harvard vs. Yale.** This is the holy of holies. The Cantabs can be stubborn, but the Elis have speed and size. If they hold on to the ball . . . YALE.

● **Iowa vs. Notre Dame.** The Hawk-eyes want this one more than any other game. The fighting Irish are aware . . . NOTRE DAME.

● **Southern Methodist vs. Baylor.** The Mustangs mauled hitherto unbeaten Arkansas last week to remain in contention for the Cotton Bowl and the Southwest Conference championship. Baylor rested last Saturday. Hard to figure, but SOUTHERN METHODIST.

● **Oklahoma vs. Nebraska.** The Cornhuskers can still go to the Orange Bowl. The Sooners are superb. OKLAHOMA.

● **Wisconsin vs. Minnesota.** I picked the Golden Gophers as my surprise team of the Big Ten this year, but they have even surprised me. The Badgers are a fighting team with only two losses, however . . . MINNESOTA.

● **Colorado vs. Kansas State.** Colorado could prove the stumbling block for K-State's bowl bid . . . COLORADO.

## ALSO:

Arkansas over L.S.U.  
Duke over South Carolina  
California over Stanford  
Illinois over Northwestern  
Maryland over George Washington  
Oregon over Oregon State  
Rice over T.C.U.  
Purdue over Indiana  
Columbia over Rutgers  
Miami (Fla.) over Alabama (Friday)  
North Carolina over Virginia  
Washington State over Washington  
West Virginia over N.C. State  
Princeton over Dartmouth  
Pittsburgh over Penn State  
Auburn over Clemson  
Missouri over Kansas

## Thanksgiving Day Games:

Texas over Texas A. & M.  
Brown over Colgate  
Maryland over Missouri  
Cornell over Pennsylvania  
V.P.I. over V.M.I.  
Cincinnati over Miami (Ohio)

Last week's hunches:

15 right, 6 wrong, 1 tie

Record to date: 144-55-9



**HOMEWORK** for game included sitting up nights, sewing numbers on sweatshirts.



**ALPHA XI DELTA** girls got coaching in the forward pass from willing male.

## GIRLS ON THE GRID

Co-eds at Ohio University had a game of the week, too—their eighth annual Powder Bowl football game for the Runyon Fund

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SCHOOL OF PHOTO-JOURNALISM, OHIO UNIVERSITY



**KICKS AND CATCHES** thrilled crowd. At left, Kay Sears launches punt. Above, Halfback Joan Stricker of the Pi Beta Phi, who played on both offensive and defensive



**CORRECT STANCE** for line play was taught to Marge Sisk, an offensive tackle for Alpha Xi Delta, by persevering volunteer.

**FOR EIGHT YEARS** the football season's first Bowl game has been the Powder Bowl contest between girl teams of Ohio University at Athens. This year's game was distinguished by a touchdown, the first scored since 1951, which gave victory to Alpha Xi Delta, 7-0, over Pi Beta Phi. Most games have ended in ties, but this year Right Halfback Barb Watson won with a stirring 32-yard sweep around right end.



**CHEEKS SMOOCHED** with charcoal to cut glare, Linda Callahan, Pi Beta Phi defensive tackle, followed game grimly.



platoon, makes catch. Alert Alpha Xi Delta defenders stopped her a moment later. Game was played under touch-football rules.



**OFFICIALS** started the game with full, stiff-necked dignity, but toward the end decorum began to seep out of place.



TEAM SCORES AND RED SKIRTS SWIRL

FOR the past 20 years a little coach who looks like a miniature Knute Rockne—which is pretty miniature when you recall Rockne's size—has been giving practical demonstrations of the physical law implicit in the old adage, *The bigger they come the harder they fall*. Johnny Williams, who consistently turns out one of the country's best high school football teams while working with a paucity of material that would traumatize the ordinary coach, is a specialist in the art of teaching small boys how to upend big boys with skill and gleeful discourtesy.

Johnny, who is so steeped in football that even his hair has appropriately reseeded into a stadium-shaped fringe, considers it a fat year when his Mooseheart, Ill. high school has an enrollment of 100 boys, and a fatter year if just one of them weighs over 175 pounds. This season his 54-man squad represents 64 percent of the school's total male enrollment of 84 students. And his starting eleven averages only 157 pounds, which is also about the usual for Johnny Williams' team. Even so, Mooseheart's Red Ramblers have taken on all comers, ranging the land from Tacoma, Wash. to West Haven, Conn., while building an all-time record of 214 games won, 72 lost and 17 tied. They have played high school teams from Chicago, Toledo, Dayton, Muncie, South Bend, Duluth, Muskegon, Columbus and Grand Rapids, and such preparatory schools as Culver and Marmion Military Academies.

For some mysterious reason that no one can explain, Mooseheart boys have

always come in small packages. But there is no mystery about the school's small enrollment. It's an orphanage—the same orphanage to which Johnny himself was sent as a 14-year-old boy, forty years ago. Which may explain the blunt forcefulness with which he says, "I'd like bigger players but I sure as hell don't want more of them. The basic eligibility requirement for this team is just a little too tough."

Actually, Mooseheart is a self-contained village maintained by the Loyal Order of Moose for the needy children of its deceased members. It has a 1,200-acre campus, its own post office and over 100 buildings, and is located about 35 miles from Chicago. Its educational system runs from kin-

dergarten through high school, and its total student population of both sexes averages around 800.

Perhaps the best measure of Mooseheart as an orphanage is its annual Homecoming. Each fall, 800 to 1,000 of its 5,000 graduates return for a gala weekend, complete with snake dances, bonfires, banquets, decorated halls and dormitories, dances and, of course, the big game. Ronnie Friday, quarterback of the unbeaten 1950 team and now coach of the sixth grade squad, says, "You should just see the hugging and kissing that goes on at Homecoming. After all, the only roots we have are here. It's our home. And we're proud of it."

*continued on page 77*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRADLEY SKITZ

## SPECTACLE

# SATURDAY'S HEROES

High school footballers in Danbury—and thousands of other towns—bask under admiration from pretty coeds

This weekend in Danbury, Conn. and towns like it all over the country, some 550,000 boys will tug on football suits for the big game. For the boys, their coaches and rooters (following pages), there have been months of hard work and excitement. This week's game will bring new triumphs to some, small disappointments to others. But for winner and loser alike, the football weeks have also brought a season of good fun.







To be a high school hero, a hey must fight his way up through scores of eager candidates, including some of the stars of last year's games. Here Welly Parkhurst, heefy line coech for the junior versity, puts players through stiff signal drill



Cheerleader must have pretty face, leather lungs. Port Jeenie Grolljohn, cheerleaders' co-captain, exercises both in Denbury's staccato "Hey Whet!" yell



All hands practice for big game. Cheerleaders warm up for free-wheeling "Denbury High School Football Boys," while boys themselves (background) waltz through assignments



Even the freshmen manager gets into the act at Denbury. Roly-poly Dick Chuvala (right) adds some heft to charging machine as Coach Ed (Cepper) Crotty gives a hand to charging linemen





Red-haired Haad Cosch Crotty shows eager bench warmer the quickest way to opponent's goal line



Cheerleaders, sporting orange Danbury "D," whoop it up with a "Push 'Em Back," autumn's universal yell of encouragement for hard-pressed defense



Pretty rooters, completely caught up by the excitement of the game, jump to their feet for a crucial play

## SOUNDTRACK

THE EDITORS ARE IMPRESSED BY A FRESHMAN SUB  
AND THE SIZE OF TV SPORTS CROWDS, HOPEFUL OF  
COLLEGE BOXING, REMUSED BY A COURT ARGUMENT

## Up Frank Merriwell

A YOUNG MAN named Jerry Thinnies struck a noble blow last week against spacemen, robots, supermen and supermice—and in defense of the old Frank Merriwell Idea, which has been losing out lately because of a cynical, childish conclusion that Frank was just too old-fashioned even to make the football team in the era of the split T. Aha—couldn't, eh?

Where was Jerry Thinnies when Western Illinois State College (hereinafter referred to as Macomb, the town in which it is situated) and Eastern Illinois State College (hereinafter referred to as Charleston) began their annual football game last week? Why, Jerry, a freshman quarterback, was sitting in the stands eating hot dogs and cracking jokes with a few sweatshirts of coeds. Jerry, in fact, wasn't even on the varsity team roster. Just the sort of spot from which Frank Merriwell zoomed to glory many's the time. So did Jerry.

Macomb, to get on with the story, ran out of quarterbacks and a coach ran feverishly into the stands, calling for Jerry Thinnies. Jerry gulped down his hot dog, hustled down under the stands, pulled on a uniform, and galloped out on the field amid wild applause. The score was tied 6 to 6. Jerry threw three passes for a total of 65 yards—the last of them for a touchdown which put Macomb ahead 13 to 6. Is it necessary to report that Charleston later tied the game up 13 to 13, and that it ended in a draw? Of course not—pay no attention to that aspect of the matter. After all, what television actor with a fish bowl on his head has ever really got to the Planet Krypton?

## Final and fantastic

THE NIELSEN PEOPLE, whose business it is to measure radio and television audiences, have just come up with final figures on two major sporting events of the early fall. The fourth game of the World Series was seen in 15,542,000 homes, the largest television audience for any sporting event ever or, to put it another way, bigger than the

audience for the "I Love Lucy" program of the same week. The Marciano-Charles fight, not broadcast to home television sets, had a radio audience of 10,589,000 homes, the biggest radio audience since the 1952 elections. Or, in a word (Nielsen's), "fantastic."

## Leather pushers, B.A.

DURING THE mid-'30s there were some 50 college boxing teams banging away at each other before students in black ties and their dates in evening gowns, with bouts sternly halted if the fans so much as cheered in a partisan manner. That's how decorous it was, but it was exciting, too, and since then college boxing never has had it so good. The fabulous University of Virginia stable of boxers enjoyed more campus prestige than the football team.

Now there are little more than a score of colleges which support boxing

Before 1937, college boxing was fought under professional rules. Since then, safety regulations have put more emphasis on boxing, less on fighting. A survey by San Jose State College ranked boxing eleventh among college sports from the standpoint of injuries (football led), finding it more dangerous only than water polo, swimming, tennis and golf. The University of Wisconsin, after studying hundreds of bouts over a four-year period, counted only four knockouts and, even with the use of electroencephalograms, could discover no case of injury likely to be permanent. In other words, no one was knocked punch drunk.

Owen's hardest task is to sell this safety concept to those who equate college boxing with the professional sport or dueling at Old Heidelberg. It's almost as hard, though, to persuade some people that college boxing, with 12-ounce gloves and protective headgear, is worth watching.

Well, Coach Owen believes it makes a better show than some recent TV bouts, and to back this up he notes that no pro card at Baton Rouge has drawn more than 500 fans in many a year, whereas L.S.U. averages better than 9,600 customers a home match. There is little of gore and bruises in college boxing, but Owen holds that few in a TV audience want gore, preferring action to the precautionary clinching which is tolerated in so much professional boxing.

He is cooking up a little scheme to interest the TV networks in his revival movement. If he succeeds, college boxing may come back with a rush.

## The law and the profits

WHILE THE New York State Athletic Commission was wondering aloud last week whether it should hold just a hearing or, more sternly, an actual inquiry into the hoodlums' monopoly of professional boxing, the Supreme Court of the United States was being asked to let the Department of Justice take up the troubled question of whether the International Boxing Club of New York, Inc., et al., is a violator of the antitrust laws.

The Department of Justice contends  
*continued on next page*



## BLUNDER

A buttonhook pass  
Caused our team to lose.  
The lads didn't wear  
Their button shoes.

—Barney Hutchinson

and the sport's prestige is mighty low. A hardy little band of enthusiasts is trying to reverse the tide.

Among the leaders of the movement is J.T. Owen, boxing coach at Louisiana State since 1946 and co-coach of the American team in the last Olympics, when U.S. boxers won for the first time in history and set a world record of five out of 10 individual titles. After calling a successful boxing revival meeting among nine southwestern colleges, Owen was pretty sure last week that the sport will undergo a rebirth.

that boxing, though a sport, is rightly subject to antitrust regulation. The IBC, according to the government, has sewed up the top boxers and the principal arenas where championship fights can be presented. It has promoted or participated in the promotion of all but two of the 21 championship bouts held in the United States since June 1949, when it took over the sports empire once ruled by Mike Jacobs.

Back in 1922 the Supreme Court ruled that baseball is a sport and not a business covered by the antitrust laws, a decision in which the IBC concurs heartily and which it would like to see applied to boxing. There is, apparently, only the dimmest possibility that the Supreme Court, if it rules against the IBC, would feel required to reverse its old decision on baseball because, it is pointed out, baseball grew up on the assurance that it was not subject to the Sherman Act. It developed its farm system on that assurance and a reversal would mean that baseball as we know it, if not civilization, would perish.

Only last year the Supreme Court upheld its 1922 decision in a suit brought by George Earl Toolson, a pitcher, against the New York Yankees. Toolson contended that the monopolistic magnates had deprived him of a happy, productive life in baseball by putting him on the ineligible list when he refused to report to Binghamton. Had Toolson won, baseball's reserve clause, which makes a ballplayer the slave of the club that owns him, would have gone out the window, rich clubs would have been able to buy all the good players and if you think the Athletics were lousy last year. . . .

Well anyhow, Toolson lost. But the issue was raised again last week as the government argued that, baseball to one side, boxing was indeed an interstate business subject to the antitrust laws. There was no television in 1922, the government pointed out, and television is a mainstay of today's big-time boxing. A combination of TV and IBC, the government feels, has put boxing definitely into interstate commerce.

The IBC is a nice word for James D. Norris, who together with his associates, Arthur M. Wirtz, and Madison Square Garden Corporation owns 80% of IBC and is its president. Norris' presence in the situation, and stress laid by the government on TV, creates possible implications for hockey. Hockey is widely televised and Norris is a big man in that sport, too. He is chairman of the board of the Chicago Black Hawks. His sister, Marguerite, is president of the Detroit Red Wings. The Garden, in which the Norris family holds much stock, operates the New York Rangers.

Those who sympathize with Tool-

son's inability, because of the reserve clause, to seek a job on some pitcher-hungry major-league team after he refused the Binghamton transfer, might consider the typical hockey player's plight. An amateur hockey player of professional promise becomes the property, exclusively, of any National Hockey League club which first announces to NHL headquarters that it is interested in bargaining with him. If he refuses the club's offer he probably cannot play for any other NHL team. In baseball a player does not become a slave until he has signed his first contract.

If the Supreme Court thinks it is having a rough time understanding the situation in boxing (Justice Stanley Reed seemed to be under the impression last week that the issue being argued had something to do with wrestling), consider what might happen if it were asked to straighten out hockey which is not only interstate but international.

## 42 miles, 676 strokes

LEONARD NASH lined up his last shot carefully. His ball lay teed high upon some rubble in the street gutter, so he knew he wouldn't top it. The hole at which he was aiming was larger and higher than usual. In fact it was a mop pile placed right in the middle of the doorway of the 7 Palma Cafe in Palmdale, Calif. After a careful sizing up, Nash clipped at the ball and up it went gently into the bucket. His final score: 678 strokes. The moment was tense. The crowd of 2,500 quieted as Nash's opponent, Jim Rogers, prepared



for his turn. His club came down and around in a perfect arc and the ball which was lying at the foot of the bar shot up and into the pail with a clank. Rogers leaped in the air with glee. He had won with a score of 676.

So ended one of the zaniest golf matches in history. It all started on a recent night in a Pasadena bar. Jim Rogers and Leonard Nash, both high-80 golfers in their late 20s, had just played a round and Nash had won.

"It was luck," claimed Rogers.

"It wasn't," said Nash.

"I could beat you any time, any course," said Rogers.

"I could even beat you playing over the mountain," replied Nash.

"It's a bet. One buck," said Rogers.

The mountain, to Rogers and Nash, is the high, wild Angeles crest which separates Greater Los Angeles from the desert and over which both men drive every day to work from Pasadena to Palmdale. Since neither man is one to

welsh on a bet, on Thursday, Oct. 28 they met at the juncture of Foothill Blvd. and Angeles Crest Drive, both prepared for combat. Nash had purchased 100 old driving balls for two cents apiece and Rogers had a pack of new ones. Both men came armed with two clubs, a number-four iron and a putter. At the bar, weapons had been restricted to these. The question was: Which one could get from Pasadena over the mountains 42 miles to Palmdale in the fewest strokes.

At exactly noon the golfers teed off. Their aim was to stay as near to the winding, climbing highway as possible. Once Nash hit a twanging low shot which seemed like a sure winner. Unfortunately for him, it hit a descending Buick, bounced back, rolled crazily down the road and ended up in a clump of brush 10 yards below the startled golfer. But Nash made good shots too. Once he hit what will probably go down on record as the longest drive in history. It carried over 5,000 feet. He had sliced off into a mile-deep canyon.

During the match, Nash and Rogers overcame every sort of hazard, including tunnels, bridges, huge boulders, drainage ditches, cliffs, pavement, acres of tumbleweed. By the third day, after spending two wakeful nights in sleeping bags, Nash and Rogers ran into the worst hazard of all, the sand trap. This particular one was the Mojave Desert.

By dark of the third day the play had advanced to the outskirts of Palmdale. As the competitors said afterward, "We were walking on our stumps." With an caravan of 50 curious cars bringing up the rear and 2,500 spectators lining the course in front, Rogers and Nash played it safely down the main street of Palmdale into the center of town, to the 18th hole. Rogers was leading by a healthy six strokes. But Rogers shot for the bucket in the cafe doorway and missed. He shot again and missed. His lead was sheared. He shot again and again and finally on the fifth try, he holed his ball to win by two strokes. Later, with feet propped high and arms adangle, Rogers, forgetting the 128 balls they had lost during the match, said, "It'll be an annual affair." Nash added, "Maybe next year we'll try another course. L.A. to Las Vegas or something."

## Flash

WE received an impressive-looking bulletin this week from the Bureau of Industrial Service Inc.—a pretty impressive name itself—alerting us to the fact that "electronic testing is used for absolute uniformity" in the manufacture of the new Spalding Dot golf ball with the Dura-Thin cover. "Hence," the bulletin assured us, "all Dots hit alike," and then it swept up to its climax: "If anything goes to

pieces with your golf next season, it will be your game—not the ball."

Well, that's a comforting chunk of knowledge. All these years we've never been quite confident enough about our game to pick up and join the winter circuit. Why were we mired in the 90s? Was it our swing? Or was it the equipment? For better or for worse, now we'll know.

### Crazy mixed-up game

LAST December, Canadian biologists came out of the woods with the news that an alarming number of the moose in Nova Scotia are losing their minds. Their senses dulled and nerves disordered, the Nova Scotian moose thrash aimlessly through the brush, tangling antlers in thickets and butting morosely into trees. Some seem to have lost all fear of man, which, of course, is about as crazy as a moose can get.

Until this happened, the moose had been making a grand comeback from near-extinction on the Nova Scotian peninsula. Isolated on their peninsula and protected from hunters for 20 years, they were multiplying prodigiously. Faced with a growing population of crazy moose, the biologists wasted no time shipping the brains of afflicted moose to Dalhousie University in Halifax and to the Boston Neurological Institute to learn that the moose brain—specifically the nerve sheathing at the base of it—was indeed deteriorating. Virus or bacteria may be causing this, but at the bottom of it, the biologists have believed all along, diet is at fault. Possibly Nova Scotia no longer affords the proper food balance to sustain a sound moose mind in the big moose body.

The moose being by nature a creature of simple tastes, this diet problem would seem to be equally simple. A cobalt derivative did restore the sanity of some moose but failed with others. After a year experimenting with diets and studying the plants on which moose browse—a job complicated considerably by the fact that the crazy



moose are now eating almost everything—the biologists still don't know what makes the moose mad. And it may be years before they find out.

This method of probing into the disordered life and diet of the moose to cure its madness seems, at least to the nonscientific mind, a trifle crude. It suggests that scientists, perhaps isolated too often on their own peninsulas, are as prone to confusion in a crisis as any moose. In laboratories, all manner of beasts have been starved and fed all manner of things for the general benefit of humankind. In this outrageously complex age, the human mind is as sound as a dollar—well, sounder anyway than the shattered mind of the Nova Scotian moose. We have daily pressures that would kill a moose, but we are eating well and can stand them.

The proper direction should be clear to any scientist. Go not only among the moose, but also look around at human plenty. Note the vitamins and minerals consumed. Find out what it is—riboflavin, protein enrichment, yogurt, or sugar-coated Corn Pops—that has kept us steady under pressure. Go then and try likewise on the

moose. And go before it is too late. Go to it before this craze spreads through the north woods and all the moose are mad, all harking to the shrill, eerie wailing of an inner world and deaf to the provocative bellow of the hunter's moose call.

### Spares to Spare

DONALD Healey, the British designer-driver who set a sports-car record of 192.62 mph at Bonneville Flats last August in his Austin-Healey 100, entered two versions of the newer 100-S in Mexico's fifth annual Pan-American road race, and for each car he provided 35 spare tires.

"Tires are the main problem," he explained before the race. "It's necessary to have various thicknesses of rubber—a nine-millimeter thickness for speeds up to 120 mph, over mountains and curving roads, a four-millimeter thickness up to 150 for the straights, and then a two-millimeter thickness for the last dash into Juarez."

The tires were crunched in advance at dumps along the 1,912-mile course. First tire change was planned for a point only 180 miles from the start in tropical Tuxtla Gutiérrez. Not only tires but air pressures and gear ratios were changeable. Healey planned to use 35-pound tire pressures over the mountains, 50 pounds on the straightaways. He would change gear ratios en route, too, using a 2.9-to-one ratio for speeds up to 135 mph and 2.7-to-one where conditions warranted any sustained speed over that.

Well aware that road racing is a dangerous sport—three drivers and six spectators were killed in last year's Pan-American—Sir Donald was taking safety precautions. A thin-lipped, bright-eyed man who looks as if bucket seats were designed for his compact build, he planned to alternate at the wheel with Driver Lance Macklin in one of the Austin-Healeys.

"But we won't ride together," he said. "I think it's dangerous."

He explained that it takes some miles for a driver, like a baseball pitcher, to "warm up" to a point where he can take corners with the speed needed to win races. The danger comes when the driver's alternate takes over and, tempted by the competitive instinct of racing men, tries dangerous cornering before he is ready for it simply because he has been sitting for miles alongside a man who was doing the same thing after adequate preparation.

Instead, Healey figured to drive ahead of Macklin in another car or, if necessary, fly ahead in a Beechcraft Bonanza which would carry two mechanics to stopping points.

Drivers of the other 100-S, Carroll Shelby and Roy Jackson-Moore, were to ride side by side throughout the race. Healey didn't like the idea at all.



"I can't help thinking what a brutalizing, degrading spectacle this must be!"

# RUSSIA



A typical propaganda set issued late in 1935 in connection with no event whatever



One of philately's earliest attempts at stamp design in a modern art style, these oversized rotogravure-printed stamps marked the 1935 Spartacist Games held in Moscow



When this set appeared in 1949, Russia's sports prowess was still a matter of world surprise



# THE RED STAMP ON SPORTS

A New York collector who has assembled 40 volumes of sports stamps from all over the world finds that the Iron Curtain countries have more sports issues than anybody. Some of these stamps glorify athletics as preparation for war

by **IRA SEEBACHER**

*All stamps from author's collection*

IN THE 37 years of the Soviet Union's existence an unprecedented flood of more than 1,500 different postage stamps has poured from Russia's presses. Each stamp carries its own propaganda message to the masses and/or the outside world. A number of these stamps have sports motifs and are aimed at Ivan and Anna to hammer home the cynical and calculated sop of athletics and mass calisthenics as a suitable substitute for better living conditions, more food and warmer clothes. Other sports stamps inform the world that the Soviet man and woman are able to outstrip their bourgeois counterparts in work or at play.

Since the end of World War II a steady stream of sports stamps has come from other Communist countries: Albania, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Democratic Germany (Russian Zone), Communist China, Tito's Yugoslavia and her Zone B in Trieste, Romania and Poland. Early issues modestly hoped to show with each new Five Year Plan and its accompanying speed-up that Russians still had time for

soccer, tennis [*viel*], swimming, rowing and other sports. Subsequently, the military might of the Communist world has added a bass note to the crescendo. The 1946 Balkan Games set of Albania, and Bulgaria's sports set of 1949 both showed the readiness of these countries to make the transition from war to peace or from peace to war.

Finally came the present arrogant note, the paragon sung in self-praise for each new victory, each world's record, each new stadium. More backward athletically, the Chinese have been content with 40 stamps issued in blocks of four, each stamp showing a step in an exercise to be performed to the accompaniment of a radio broadcast, à la Walter Camp's Daily Dozen of some 25 years ago.

Ironically, these many stamps are aimed directly at American pocketbooks, for stamp collecting behind the curtain is dangerously capitalistic. And dealing in stamps has become a government monopoly in all cases. In fact, to collect such stamps is the most dangerous sport of all.

## RED CHINA



Unique blocks of four stamps issued one per week to teach health program to Chinese. Each stamp is a step in a particular exercise and is numbered. Ten blocks were issued

## EAST GERMANY

Stamp commemorating 7th International Freedom Race (left) was issued this year. Below, a 1951 set issued for second winter sports championships at Oberhof



## YUGOSLAVIA

Stamp at far left was issued in 1948 to mark Balkan Games in Belgrade; others are 1953 issue publicizing Adriatic Rally and International motorcycle races



## POLAND

Photogravure stamps publicized Spartakiad Games, issue at right was lithographed winter sports "quickie"



## HUNGARY

When Hungarians beat British 6-3 in soccer game at Wembley, stamp at left was hastily overprinted with score; other issue pays tribute to impressive new People's Stadium



## ROMANIA

When 1947 Balkan Games were held in Bucharest, stamp at left was issued. Those below, quite Russian in appearance, incorporate insignia of a 1950 Romanian sports organization



## CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Emil Zatopek stars in recent issue (left), while winter sports and gymnastics are among other Czech sets



## BULGARIA

This 1949 set combines trackman and grenade-thrower (left) with relatively innocent cyclist and an ominous hurdler backed by an infantryman in full battle accoutrement



## TRIESTE-YUGOSLAV ZONE

The Yugoslav stamps shown at left and right have military occupation overprints for use in Zone B, were issued to publicize Yugoslav participation in Olympics. The 1952 stamp below was not pegged to any specific event





# TITTLE OF THE 49ERS

This Texas family man has been called the most valuable player in pro football. On his arm hangs the fate of San Francisco's 49ers

by WILLIAM L. WORDEN

ON SATURDAY EVENING out Palo Alto way, doorbells of houses on a side street jangled. There on the porch was a little bitty old Red Riding Hood, maybe four years old, hollering "Trick or treat" and holding out a paper sack about as big as she was.

Beyond Red Riding Hood, standing out alone on the sidewalk, was a wide-shouldered, six-foot guy who wasn't doing much of anything. There wasn't much hair on his head, his ears stuck out some and his skinny-looking arms dangled loose when he wasn't scratching himself in embarrassment. If the little girl forgot to say thanks, the big man said it in a soft voice with a lot of Texas still behind it. Then he bowed dutifully after his daughter.

On Sunday afternoon, the scene had shifted. In place of neighbors' doors were the bowed backs of the Chicago Bears' defensive line-up arrayed against 10 of the San Francisco 49ers, also bent over. But the 11th man, close behind the center, stood out for the simple reason that he also stood up. Even his signal-calling crouch was only slight; and once he had the ball, all six feet of him were erect as he faded with long steps, cocked his right throwing arm and side-stepped, almost negligently, incoming tacklers. The ball soared high, not too fast, in a lazy spiral, forward and up. While the Bear linemen rolled at his feet, he hopped straight in the air like a schoolboy, not to avoid them but just to see where the ball had gone.

Right End Billy Wilson, at first loping out with a deceptive air of ease, suddenly was jet-propelled. He laid hands on the ball and headed for the goal line. In an otherwise frustrating afternoon for the 49ers, this was one high and satisfying point. Combined with the Halloween begging of the previous evening, it was also a fairly typical example of the two lives of Yelberton Abraham Tittle, Junior, who doesn't quite know what to do with himself unless he's holding a football, poised to heave it somewhere else.

*continued on page 52*



IN NOV. 7TH GAME WITH RAMS, T-QUARTERBACK TITTLE IGNORES BROKEN LEFT HAND



GUARDED BY JOHN HENRY JOHNSON, TITTLE DROPS BACK TO LOOK FOR OPEN RECEIVER



ON ANOTHER PLAY HE PREPARES TO HAND OFF TO FLEET FULLBACK JOE PERRY (LEFT)



DURWARD ALLEN ON THE FOX: "SOME HUNTERS CAN'T ABIDE THE IDEA OF A FOX MUNCHING ON ANY OF THEIR GAME . . ."

## KILLING PREDATORS WON'T

A famous conservationist gives his views on the relationship between small game and its enemies, in rebuttal to article by lifelong hunter Edmund Gilligan (*The Foxes That Never Eat Pheasants*—SI, Oct. 25)

by **DURWARD L. ALLEN**

ABOUT 1940 most of the predators of North America got to feeling their biological oats. They took off on an increase spree that in less than a decade added up to amazing abundance. Wolves prospered in the Arctic, marten and fisher showed up in forests where they had long been rare or absent, otter and mink pelts poured into the market, coon hunting got better and better, the coyote spread north and east, and that sinister citizen, Bre'r Fox, really took over. He spread his offspring, too thick, over much of the U.S.A.

It was what wildlife men call a general "irruption" of predators, and they do not claim complete understanding of what produces it.

Overlapping this was another sequence of events, possibly related, which is just as poorly understood and just as spectacular. In the early '40s, when the predators were first beginning their increase, such northern game as hares, rabbits, and grouse reached boomtime abundance in what your technical help talk about, unsatious-

ly, as "the peak of the game cycle." It comes roughly at 10-year intervals, and this time it included two alien birds, the Hungarian partridge and pheasant. Natives and exotics alike were treating gunners to best-ever shooting in 1941-42.

It looked like the reward for good living, and sportsmen got set to enjoy it forever. Then the bottom dropped out. It was the sorriest game depression in recent years, and it hit a low in '46-'47. The predators were still on their population upswing.

When the game numbers dropped, while the predators prospered, there seemed to many hunters an obvious connection. The fox got the black ball. Certain state game commissions thought they had proved to sportsmen that bounties were a waste of money; but before long they were back at the old stand offering cash for the crown of Reynard.

But during the game decline, pheasants on Ontario's Pelee Island declined. There were no foxes there. This happened also on many mainland areas

where there were few or no foxes. Biologists studied this and other evidence and could only conclude that predators had little to do with the scarcity.

For once professional men weren't cagey about predictions. "Sure," they said, "it's a mess, and we don't know all the ins and outs. But it has happened before, and if you'll stick around a while, things will improve."

They did, and by 1950 hunting generally was better. We haven't gone back to the rosy days of '42, but we'll be lucky to see that kind of game bonanza once in half a century.

### THE SQUANDERING OF NUMBERS

Few of us ever have the chance to see the squandering of numbers that goes on in wild-game populations. When we do, it looks completely out of hand. Wholesale carnage is the status quo. It's the normal thing for around 60% of pheasant and other game-bird nests to fail for one reason or another. Weather extremes and just plain abandonment may be more important than predators. Frequently over half of the chicks are "expended" between hatching and the hunting season. This happens in good ranges where hunters are happiest. In poor ranges it's worse.

Examine a thousand quail from hunters' bags, and you'll find that about 80% of them are birds of the



ON PHEASANTS: "DURING THE GAME DECLINE, PHEASANTS ON ONTARIO'S PELLE ISLAND DECLINED, THERE WERE NO FOXES THERE!"

## GUARANTEE MORE GAME

year. Think it over. From one October to another, eight out of 10 quail are disappearing, to be replaced by next spring's hatch.

This yearly surplus is where we get our game crop and the predators get their kill. In taking it, neither we nor they are destroying anything that would survive without us.

Wildlife-population fluctuations have had more attention than most people realize. In one major job Paul L. Errington has done field research for more than 25 years in Wisconsin and Iowa. His early work on quail uncovered relationships that apply generally in wild communities.

Especially meaningful was his discovery that the number of birds a given area could winter was definitely limited and surprisingly consistent from one year to the next. It didn't seem to matter how many there were in the fall; by spring, the birds were whittled down to a "carrying capacity" level which was a characteristic of the particular area. And it happened whether enemies were plentiful or not. Quail that had what they needed in food and cover enjoyed relative security. Less lucky birds, skimping along in "slum" situations, took big losses from predators and other hardships.

I once asked Errington something I'd been thinking about. "Why don't

mink clean the muskrats out of a marsh? It looks to me as though they could work through the houses and kill them at will."

Paul didn't go for that. "Not at all. A muskrat on his home grounds and in good health can avoid a mink. Sometimes we get big concentrations of rats when conditions are favorable for a couple of seasons, and populations may be cut down to size by a disease we've been studying. Usually the first indication of disease is that the mink are killing a lot more rats."

### WHEN PREDATORS ARE UNDERTAKERS

The disease-predation hookup is real, but no biologist would expect predators to kill only diseased animals. The flesh-feeders have a heyday on the occasion of such creature calamities as food failure, bad weather, changing water levels, drought, overcrowding, and other emergency conditions. Such hardships, in effect, lower the supporting capacity of the range, and the predator is more of an undertaker than anything else.

As many a field man has seen, conditions on the land are the key to production. In a good piece of range, a fairly high density of animals can live in reasonable safety; but in another area, the same number would be top-heavy, and part of them would go the

way of all surpluses. There may be little security of any kind in a really poor range where the game-prey animal is just hanging on. Often enough that's where someone will try to stock coop-reared pheasants, and we'll have another demand for fox control.

There are all sorts of local conditions, and you can find a sample to prove nearly anything—if you want to. Consider what might be done with a situation encountered by David A. Arnold in his fox project for the Michigan Game Division.

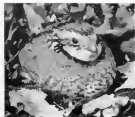
### SIGNIFICANT FIGURES

Near Fennville, Arnold and his co-operators carried out a field study which showed that, over winter, local foxes were getting away with 44 pheasants per square mile! That figure isn't gladsome news under any circumstances; but out of context it could really set off the alarm. Some further figures are significant:

This farmland near Fennville is a state game refuge, and it has long been a winter concentration area for pheasants. Census figures showed that the food-rich fields were boarding 268 ring-necks to the square mile. The fox haul amounted to 16.8% of this nonhunted population.

That's quite a few, but not cataclysmic. It should be added that this

*continued on next page*



**BOBWHITE QUAIL**



**COTTONTAIL RABBIT**



**RUFFED GROUSE**

## **PREDATORS** *continued from page 37*

ringneck winter resort is surrounded by sandy "oak grubs" and river bottoms that are fine fox country. In all of Michigan you probably wouldn't find a combination where Reynard has a better chance to massacre the pheasant.

A report on this exceptional situation could be sensational. But state averages give a different picture.

During the past two winters, field men in southern Michigan tracked foxes on snow for a total of 763 miles. In this distance foxes killed 293 known prey items, including 45 cottontails, 23 pheasants and 7 quail. The calculated winter kill of ringnecks by foxes in this part of the state was 1.66 birds out of a post-hunting average of 64 to the square mile. Michigan had an excellent pheasant season this year.

The sources of Reynard's protein are known from many a report of the past quarter century. A food study by Erington in the late '30s showed the usual thing: the mainstay of Iowa foxes was small, four-footed prey such as mice and rabbits. Birds and poultry were side-line items, with pressure on pheasants and quail increasing for a spell in early spring. Foxes picked up nearly anything dead on the highway; and this sort of complication is one reason why research men have long been cautious about using stomach and "heat" analyses not tied directly to field work.

Of all game animals, the rabbit takes the biggest beating from Reynard. Dave Arnold's Michigan work indicated that the average winter kill by foxes was 16.2 per square mile, which was calculated to be 6.6% of the rabbits left after the hunting season. It sounds high, but rabbit breeding and survival certainly allow for such losses. It's known that in good range you can shoot 60% of your fall rabbits, although we seldom come near it.

### **DISEASE TAKES OVER**

Game men are acutely aware that the fox and coon, in particular, are too plentiful for their own health and welfare, not to mention the weal of mankind. It's the history of such conditions that disease will take over—and it has, but not to the extent we expected. Among the carnivores, virus afflictions like distemper, rabies, and encephalitis are the usual thing. You can practically bet on mange. There were disease outbreaks among foxes as early as 1945, and you hear of new ones all the time; but Reynard hangs on, frequently mangy and ailing, at too high a level. If there were a workable and economic way to cut his numbers back, few people would object. Certainly not the biologist; and the fox hunter prefers to run vigorous, clean-coated animals.

But a practical difficulty in effective control is that predators have their own high breeding rate and turnover. Recent work in Wisconsin shows that

you would have to wash out around 75% of a fall population of foxes to reduce a spring breeding stock from 10,000 one year to 8,875 the next. And if you did, what then?

You're up against another reality. It's almost universally true that when you thin out a breeding stock of animals in favorable range, the survivors rise to the occasion and bring through a higher percentage of young. With competition reduced, breeding success is higher and survival better. Any wildlife man knows that the most effective way to bring prosperity to the fox and his cronies is to do only a moderate job of thinning them out.

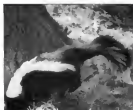
In terms of cutting down breeding stock, even that much reduction probably is beyond us at any reasonable price. Bounties don't do it. The million and a half dollars paid by Pennsylvania's Game Commission in weasel bounties since 1916 has accomplished no evident reduction of the weasel. When fox populations are reduced and trapping returns decline, the bounty hunter can't make a profit any more; so he just waits for next year's easy money again. Predator breeding stocks, like game populations, are padded with that annual surplus, and they can absorb a lot of punishment.

In part, this question is one of alternatives. We could easily dissipate all our funds by hacking away at the predators. We could also put our legal tender into more permanent habitat

**MINK**



**SKUNK**



**COYOTE**



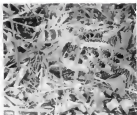




**SHARPTAIL GROUSE**



**HUNGARIAN PARTRIDGE**



**WOODCOCK**

restoration work and raise more game.

Yes, we'd be raising more for the predators, but that needn't worry us if we get good hunting out of it. California has had an amazingly successful quail program centering around their watering device, the "gallinaceous guzzler." A few years ago, the man running that program was getting this kind of comment: "You fellows put in the guzzlers and you grow a lot of quail. Then the predators help take the crop. What we need is predator control along with the water."

#### **KILLING PREDATORS OR GROWING BIRDS**

The answer he gave applies to much more than quail and water. In effect it was this: "We could take your money and hire a lot of men and keep them busy killing predators. It might give you some better hunting. But we can invest that same money in more guzzlers, grow birds where there aren't any, and give you really better hunting and a real dividend on your investment." That's what they are doing.

Some hunters simply cannot abide the idea of a fox munching on any of their game. Others aren't so concerned. They like to trail the varmints and see them occasionally. Or they like to turn out the hounds and follow a chase across the hills. I had a kind of admiration for the gray fox that got the meat from my bird feeders and fished the dead chicken out of my compost heap. I could get fed up with too many

of them, but I wouldn't want his kind exterminated; so I'm sort of glad the operation isn't practical.

This may seem quaint, but I buy my hunting license, pay my taxes and partake in the rights of citizenship. I and those who agree with me shouldn't be written off completely by the go-getters who hate Reynard's guts.

The latter have written the fox's obituary on asbestos paper, and periodically they cite some new and, for a change, unprejudiced job of detection on the predator question that will throw out all claims of the false prophets and return us to the sensible doctrine of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.

#### **THE OLD PANACEAS**

They discover suddenly that the old panaceas are being neglected. Side-stepping technicalities, they call for more control, and imply that their methods haven't had a chance.

Probably this is honest ignorance, but the truth is they've tried their hunches with millions of our funds. The two most recent state reports on the fox situation indicate that, in the five years previous to 1952, both Michigan and Wisconsin spent an average of \$100,000 a year of public money in fox-ahatement efforts. Neither could see much profit in it.

Occasionally you'll encounter a type of irresponsible journalism which employs the stock in trade of attributing

to wildlife scientists all manner of ridiculous attitudes and statements (usually involving some naive concept of the "balance of nature"), then destroying the confiding and simple-minded biologist with thunderous, horse-sense logic based on fourth-grade arithmetic.

This was much commoner 20 years ago, when newcomers to the business sometimes used a vigorous attack on anything and everything as a convenient cover-up. Today the average outdoor writer is an understanding and hard-working conservationist. His articles and columns bear witness to firsthand acquaintance with wildlife biologists and work being done.

Some of the sportsmen who lead their state and national organizations policy-wise also are getting a working knowledge of such subjects as predator-prey relations. Their competence sometimes places them well ahead of politically appointed officials who have not given much attention to technical matters. A quick look across the nation suggests that such sportsmen hold the real key to sound policy.

As for the technical men you've hired to do a job, they aren't so outspoken as they might be. Maybe it's because they realize how many unknowns are about them and how many things they'd like to know. But they've made progress that is real and here to stay. It's understandable if they'd like to see the customers get some good from it.

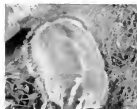
**LEAST WEASEL**



**RACCOON**



**BADGER**



## A PLACE TO BE

## THE COZY CARIBBEAN

The islands off our southeastern shores can be had in Spanish, French, English, Dutch or plain American, and they're hot stuff in any language

by HORACE SUTTON

WHAT is accommodating about the Caribbean, that warm bathtub in which Americans come to dip a frost-bitten toe each winter, is that you can have it Spanish, French, British, Dutch or U.S.A. You can have it with \$4 Chanel and \$3 Scotch. This winter you can have it with Willie Mays or Princess Margaret. Any winter you can have it in your shirt sleeves, for, unlike Florida, there are no cold waves to send you scurrying for a topcoat. You can be sure if it's West Indies.

## MARGARET AND WILLIE

As for Margaret, she will spend the month of February waltzing up the isles of Old Blighy, from Trinidad to the Bahamas, with stops at Grenada, St. Vincent, Barbados, Antigua, St. Kitts and Jamaica. As for the prince of swat, Mr. Mays will be wintering under the palms of Puerto Rico where he will be on exhibition with Ruben Gomez and the gentlemen of Santuree until it's time for spring training.

From Miami, sometimes known as Neon-sur-mer, it's an hour to Cuba, which has Havana, Hemingway and hissing all on one island. You hiss for trolley cars, for buses and for waiters, which leaves I don't know what for villains. You buy a shirt with the tails hanging over the side, you buy immense cigars at minuscule prices and you get thrown to the mambo so often that six lessons from Madame La-Zonga before departure shouldn't be a total loss.

For anyone who likes to exercise passages from *Le Voyage de Monsieur Perrichon*, Haiti speaks French, feels warm, acts African. The ladies wear brilliant bandannas and pad the hills

with a startling undulation. And while the voodoo drums still roll loud and clear out of the jungle and you can find conch stew and mango pie and sweet potato pudding and the most fantastic market in the Caribbean, the new hotels—take the Simbie, opening this winter, for instance—have swimming pools and air-conditioned rooms and rates that soar as high as \$50 a day for two, with food.

With rare exception, the rates are no higher than this over in the colonial acres of Jamaica, which celebrates 300 years under British rule in 1955. Well inside this figure you can go proggling for lobsters at Silver Seas, a place that puts on floor shows complete with donkeys, chickens, goats and an impresario named Lord Composer who votes under the cognomen of Roy Muddle. You ought to see the magnificent garden layout at Shaw Park, you ought to go river-rafting down the Rio Grande and you ought to indulge in the sheer Maughamiery of lunching at the Myrtle

Bank in Kingston while the red and gold Zouave band blares on the lawn.

San Juan has bright bulbs and gaming tables, a shiny Hilton hotel and a wonderful French restaurant called La Rada, not to forget Señor Mays, the garden keeper of Santuree. The pink-washed Virgins, a few air minutes away, offer all sorts of sophistication. The Rockefellerers are sprucing up the off-beat side of St. John, and the gentle acres of St. Croix will be decorated come this winter with The Henge, the Caribbean cousin of Victor Gilbert's Stonehenge, that den of urbanity nestling in the Connecticut hills near Ridgefield.

## WHY NOT TAKE SABA?

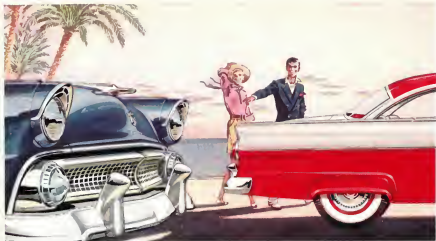
You may wonder what's left for the banana tourist. Plenty. Take Saba, which is merely a mountain rising out of the sea and reachable only by boat. In a jeep you climb the concrete road and when you reach the mountain top you are at Bottom (pop. 1,175). Or get thee to Bequia, with sloop service twice a week from St. Vincent's. It has six miles of real estate, lots of beach, but no lights, no cars, no movies. The tariff is \$2.70 a day, room and meals.

The only other bargains like that are in the Caribbean's "free ports"—Jamaica (perfume, watches, English china, British fabrics), St. Thomas (Scotch is \$2.25 a fifth, cigars \$1.10 a carton, and look for Swedish glass and Danish silver), and Curaçao, whose beach is pictured opposite (goods of the Orient, Swiss watches at half U.S. price, German cameras). The bargain basement of the Caribbean, Curaçao—let's face it—is Klein's-by-the-Sea.



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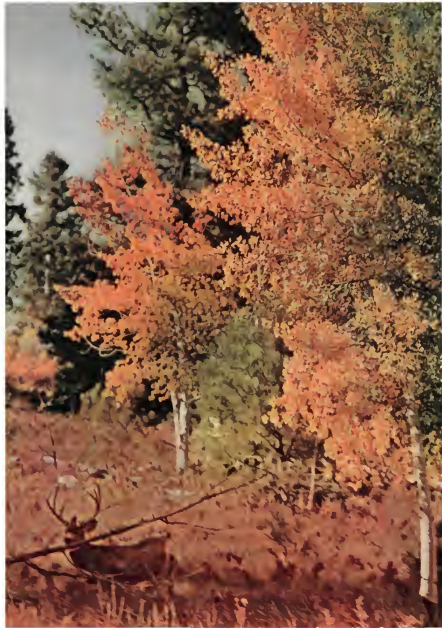
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**'55 FORD**





EARLY-MORNING TRIUMPH COMES FOR H. E. GUBERNATOR OF GOESSA, TEX., WITH BUCK

## COUNTRY FULL OF DEER

Arizona's famous Kaibab forest is so stuffed with big mule deer that every hunter has an eight-to-two chance of getting his venison this season

by CHARLES C. NIEHUIS

EVERY DEER hunter easing through the frost-jeweled covers of the Kaibab North National Forest in Arizona is comforted these mornings by a statistic—he has an eight-to-two chance to get a deer. If he gets a deer, it's better than 50-50 that it will be a buck. These are the odds established for the average hunter during last fall's open season. In New York, by way of contrast, only one hunter out of 18 gets his deer. But the Kaibab is unique, producing more record nontypical Rocky

Mountain mule-deer trophies for the Boone and Crockett Club's discriminating judges than any other single deer range in the country.

The Kaibab offers better deer hunting this fall than ever before, in spite of the mounting hunting pressure which has risen from 500 hunting permits in 1946 to 12,000 allotted in 1954. Perversely enough, the more deer that have been shot off, the better the fawn crop. Last winter nine out of 10 does had a fawn trailing them.

Kaibab Mountain, forming the North Rim of the Grand Canyon, has long been recognized as the finest mule-deer hunting range in this country. The Paiute and Navajo Indians discovered it first, gathering there every fall for a hunting and trading session. Westward-traveling pioneers, seeing all this venison-gathering and buckskin-tanning activity, called the region "Buckskin Mountain." But the name didn't stick. Major John Wesley Powell, making the first official survey of

*continued on next page*



**WINTER BROWSE LINE** (the denuded area at base of brush) shows what happens to cover that is seriously overpopulated by a mule-deer herd.

#### **KAIBAB DEER** *continued from page 45*

this part of the country, called it "Kaibab," taking the word from the Palute Indian tongue meaning "mountain lying down." It is an apt name for the flat-topped mass of land rising from desert levels to a subalpine elevation and having more than a million acres. Natural barriers, the Grand Canyon on the south and barren desert the rest of the way around, isolate the resident deer herd.

Teddy Roosevelt was the first big-game hunter of prominence to discover the fine deer hunting there. He saw some huge bucks on the mountain, and after he became President he set aside the Kaibab Mountain as the Grand Canyon National Game Preserve and defined its primary purpose as being for the production and preservation of its mule deer.

#### **A DEER BEHIND EVERY BUSH**

That was back in 1908. Predator control followed and hunting was prohibited on the national refuge. The deer population doubled and tripled. By the early 1920s there was, figuratively speaking, a deer behind every bush. More alarming, it was soon discovered the deer had eaten every leaf off those bushes as high as they could reach and were starving. One winter it was officially estimated that some 40,000 deer perished.

Hunters couldn't see any sense in that. They yelled for and got their first hunting on the Kaibab in 1924. But it wasn't until the 1940s that the Arizona Game and Fish Commission began to take an active interest in

North America's finest mule-deer herd.

It is safe to say that it is the man with the rifle—the fellow who likes good deer hunting—whoreally brought a progressive deer-management program to the Kaibab. It is his money, paid in special-permit fees, that financed it. Already more than \$100,000 of sportsmen's money has been spent on range improvement and deer studies. It has been a good investment, proved by reams of statistics issued annually by Arizona's professional game managers showing deer-population trends, hunter-success percentages and buck-doe-fawn ratios. This is dry reading until you holl it down to the basic information that four out of five hunters get venison if they hunt on the Kaibab.

The veteran trophy hunters of the Kaibab, perfectionists all, suffered a rude upset in 1948 when Dean Naylor of Phoenix, on his first deer-hunting trip to the Kaibab, chanced upon a big buck. Naylor thought so little of the head, which has a 38-inch spread, that he disposed of it to Jeff Slevens who now owns the trophy, rated fifth by the Boone and Crockett Club.

#### **A STRATEGY FOR THE BIG BUCKS**

In spite of Naylor's unplanned success, the serious trophy hunters of the Kaibab have developed a definite strategy for bagging the bigger bucks on Teddy Roosevelt's pet game preserve. Their hunting effort is coordinated with the season and the natural drift of the deer. More than half the mountain, shaped roughly like a tetrahedron with a broad base to the south along an east-west line, is above 6,000 feet ele-

vation. The highest portion goes above 8,000 feet and forms the North Rim of the Grand Canyon. Three hundred thousand acres of the higher ground is Grand Canyon National Park land, the rest of the mountain is U.S. Forest Service land.

The higher country is heavily forested with spruce and western yellow pine, with large patches of aspen—all of this is the deer's summer range. The big bucks hold close to this cover during the early part of the Kaibab hunting season, which ran from October 13th through the 24th.

The bigger the bucks the smarter they are and these have learned that the Grand Canyon National Park is a safe place during the hunt. It is possible for a deer hunter to leave his rifle in camp any evening and drive across the boundary, a three-strand barbed-wire fence separating the Kaibab forest land where hunting is permitted, to the Grand Canyon National Park land where hunting is illegal, and see a score or more of worthwhile heads. These big park bucks stand and stare back thoughtfully at the hunters.

With the coming of winter storms to the mountain, the entire herd will begin to drift off to the lower and more temperate wintering grounds. These are the long, open and sparsely brushed foothills that are exposed to the sun. These same low ridges lead to trails that work down and off the mountain to warmer and more hospitable mesas below.

As the deer migrate they follow routes established by deer families. Three-fifths, and perhaps more, of the deer drift off the mountain to the west. One-fifth go off to the east, and the rest scatter to the north. Very few go south off the North Rim and directly into the Grand Canyon.

#### **HUNTING ON THE WINTER RANGE**

Almost all of the wintering range, with the exception of some of the mesas in the Grand Canyon, is open to hunting in late November (the 19th through the 28th this year). It is during this migration that trophy hunters get a crack at the craggy "park bucks" which drift back into the forest and east and west of the mountain.

The experienced Kaibab hunter knows of this seasonal migration and stages his hunt accordingly. He takes this late season offered by the Arizona Game and Fish Commission. Though the deer have been alerted by several weeks of hunting, the head hunter figures there are certain advantages to waiting. For one thing, the deer are



down and out of the heavier timber, especially if the top of the mountain is blanketed with storms. The more open country allows a trophy hunter to size up his buck before making the kill. The shooting is also more sporting on the open ridges since it is at a longer range and necessarily has to be cleaner and more accurate. Most of the shots on top of the mountain (in the heavy timber) are under 100 yards, but the shooting on the ridges is around 200 yards and sometimes farther. But this is no trick with a 'scope-sighted rifle.

The trophy buck is six to nine years old and at the peak of its physical development. It has an almost uncanny sense of self-preservation and is skilled in taking advantage of shadows and brush which camouflage its fall coat of blue-gray.

A trophy seeker who has steeped himself in the craft will spend a couple of days acquainting himself with the area he plans to hunt. He finds the most difficult terrain to travel in because he knows that big bucks go to areas of least disturbance—rimrock country, steep and difficult slopes, rocky and broken ridges. This is the country that discourages the ordinary hunter and makes it safe territory for big deer.

A consistently successful Kaibab trophy hunter does most of his hunting early in the day, arriving at the locale for his hunt at daylight or be-



**STOMACH ANALYSIS** of deer is made to determine the percentage of various types of Kaibab food preferred by the animal.

fore. The hunter knows, as do the game technicians who make the buck-deer-fawn counts, that twice as many bucks will be seen in the early morning as in the evening.

#### THE FLICK OF AN EAR

Two or three hunters working together make the best combination for working the Kaibab. While one walks the crest of a ridge, the others can scour the breaks and pockets. Every possible hiding place should be scout-

ed, for in spite of the bigger bucks' size—180 pounds or more—they have a unique ability to hide.

A hunter does not expect to see the whole animal, unless it is in full flight, or unless he has been very careful in his stalk. More than likely he will see no more than the flick of an ear, the movement of a head, a shift in position, or a silhouetted portion of the animal. Deer will be browsing in the early morning, and if a man is quiet he may hear the movement of brush or the chatter of rolling gravel. Deer feed as they walk along. This is a protective measure against sneaking predators such as mountain lions.

When a deer has eaten its fill it seeks a place to bed down and to chew its cud. Big bucks forage before daylight, especially if there is a moon or starlight, and finish feeding before the sun tops the ridges.

#### HUNTER'S HOLE-IN-ONE

I once helped a hunter scout out North Canyon on the East Rim of the Kaibab. We arrived at the end of the road in his car at daylight. With him walking the rim, and me 50 yards below, we began hunting up-canyon. We passed two still hunters, seated near rock ledges and less than 200 yards apart. Not more than 100 yards beyond them I squatted to look under the low branches of a clump of spruce trees and saw the antlers of a buck just as the deer laid its head down. Here was the stalker's seldom-achieved opportunity, a sort of hunter's hole-in-one. I shot the buck as it lay in unafraid comfort, its paunch full of fresh browse.

**TURN TO PAGE 54 FOR VENISON RECIPES**



*"I disguised myself originally to study their habits, but it turned out to be such a gay carefree life . . ."*



# shopper



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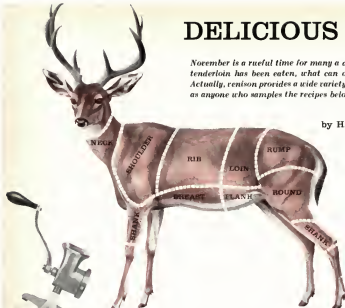
CITY.....STATE.....

How to Select BINOCULARS

# DELICIOUS DEER

*November is a ruelful time for many a deer hunter. After the tenderloin has been eaten, what can one do with the rest? Actually, venison provides a wide variety of interesting dishes, as anyone who samples the recipes below will discover*

by HARRY BOTSFORD



THE hunter who treats his venison with the respect that a butcher reserves for a beef will find that those stories about deer meat being tough are untrue. The keep-it-tender rules to follow after the animal has been shot are few and simple: it should be bled promptly, then dressed out and cooked. Hanging the carcass is one way to do this. Rolling it upon a cradle of logs on the ground (so air can circulate freely) is another. After the meat has cooled it should age for a few days—many prefer a week to 10 days—and then be butchered (see drawing above for the principal cuts). The delicately flavored meat is now ready to freeze or cook. Here are some of the best recipes I have found in a lifetime of enjoying venison.

## Roast Saddle

This is a festive dish, enormously good, with venison in one of its traditional appearances. Here is the way Particular Parsons, our chef at the defunct Heart's Content Club, served it a few weeks after the season ended to give the meat plenty of time to age properly.

Marinate the meat for 24 hours in the following: 2/3 red wine, 1/3 water (enough to cover meat),

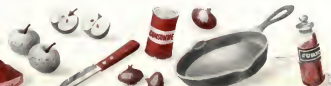
a sliced onion, bit of garlic, pinch of thyme, 2 bay leaves—and no salt.

Remove the fat, lard the saddle generously with salt pork and insert a few slivers of garlic in knife incisions. Roast in 350° oven 25 minutes to the pound, basting frequently with the drippings or warm red wine. Remove meat to an ovenproof platter and keep in the oven.

Skim most of fat from drippings, add 1 glass red wine, 1 tablespoon brandy, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 4 ounces tart jelly, same amount of sour cream stirred in slowly as the mixture comes to a boil. Let the gravy reduce, then thicken slightly with paste of flour and cold water. Serve this superb gravy separately.

## Venison Casserole

Roll 1-inch cubes of lean meat in flour seasoned with sage, rosemary, marjoram, salt and pepper. Sauté the pieces slowly in butter until they are delicately browned. Now arrange the meat in a huge casserole—a layer of meat, a layer of small potato balls, a layer of onion rings, until all the cubes of meat are used up. The casserole should then be covered and placed in a 325° oven for 39 minutes,



Then add enough light cream to cover. When the cream has been absorbed, add a mixture of finely diced mushroom caps cooked in clam. The dish is ready when most of the liquid has again been absorbed.

To round out the veal, serve asparagus tips in Hollandaise sauce, a salad of tomato slices in heavy French dressing sprinkled with chopped chives, and scones. For a wine: Burgundy at room temperature. Here's a suggestion for dessert: Stilton cheese, toasted crackers, a bit of Major Gray's chutney, port wine and coffee.

## Barbecued Venison

This is a good recipe in case there is some tough meat on hand. Trim off every bit of fat and cut the meat into 2-inch cubes. Brown deeply among cubes of salt pork and when done remove the surplus fat. Figure on about half a pound of meat per serving. Have ready this barbecue sauce:

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup cider vinegar	1 tbsp. Worcestershire
$\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. Tabasco sauce	2 tbsp. brown sugar
$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. black pepper	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup catsup
1 minced clove garlic	$\frac{1}{2}$ sliced, unpeeled lemon

Salt to taste and simmer for 10 minutes. Put the browned meat in a deep casserole, cover with thin slices of onion, add the barbecue sauce, cover and place in 350° oven for about 1 hour or until meat is tender. Baste frequently with the sauce.

Remove meat to deep, hot platter. Make a rich gravy of the sauce, stirring in sour cream. When this mixture bubbles, decant over the meat and serve.

## Aunt Olga's Venison

I tested this best in the Old Ball country up in Potter County, Pa. Mrs. Olga Rahold took in a dozen deer hunters every season, charged high prices, but served wonderful meals.

Run 2 cups of raw, cut venison shoulder, 2 whole onions, 2 cups dried mushrooms through the coarse blade of a meat grinder. Boil  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of rice in salted water, drain it and blend with the mixture from the grinder. Season with salt and pepper. Also boil a late head of crisp cabbage in salted water for 5 to 10 minutes. Drain and strip off the soft leaves. The venison mixture should be heaped upon each leaf, which is then folded into an envelope and tied with string.

Now place meat packages in a big, well-buttered baking dish and pour over them a can or more of tomato soup enriched with dried tarragon, a little sweet basil, a pinch of oregano. Cook in a 350° oven for about an hour. This is an easy way to feed 8-12 hungry people.

## Curry

Use tender 1-inch cubes of meat from which the fat has been removed, about half a pound per person. Season lightly with salt and pepper, cook in a mixture of equal parts of dry white wine and water until nearly tender. Sauté 4 tablespoons finely diced onion in olive oil until glazed, then add the drained meat and 2 tablespoons (for 4 servings) of curry powder. Mix thoroughly.

Add enough undiluted canned consommé to cover; peel and slice 3 tart apples and drop in. When this boils, add 1 level tablespoon of peanut butter and stir until dissolved. Cover and lower the heat, simmering for 1 hour. Proper seasonings and more salt may be needed. Serve on a deep platter in a ring of hot boiled rice.

With it, serve plenty of real chutney, a salad of dried cucumber, thin slices of radishes and diced green onions in a sour-cream dressing. The final touches: broiled tomatoes and thick slices of oven-browned French bread.

## Venison Sausage

Grind the less tender parts of lean meat with an equal quantity of salt pork that is about 60°, lean. For 20 pounds of sausage meat add 6 ounces salt, 1 ounce pepper, 1 tablespoon sage,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon savory,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon sweet basil. If the sausage is to be frozen, do not season but blend the meats and wrap in freezer paper. This way it will keep 6 months; seasoned, it will become flat and go rancid in about a month.

On a cold morning, the fragrance of venison sausage mingled with the burks heat aroma of piping-hot pancakes has been known to start a rush to the breakfast table.

## Swiss Steak

Trim fat from a round steak of about 2 pounds and 1 to 2 inches thick. Roll in flour seasoned with salt and pepper. Make a cross-hatch pattern on the meat by pounding it with a heavy sauce's edge. Brown the meat on both sides in a lightly greased frying pan. Add 3 large sliced onions,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups canned tomatoes,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon dried oregano. Cover tightly and simmer gently for  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours or until meat is tender.

Now remove the meat and thicken the gravy with 1 tablespoon of butter and the same amount of flour, mixed together. Bring the gravy to a boil and pour it over the steak. Even freshly killed venison can be prepared this way with the foreknowledge that it will emerge tender. Served with fluffy mashed potatoes or with boiled rice, it is one of the best and easiest meals to make in a hunting camp.



At 28 with 16 years of organized football behind him, Y. A. Tittle has one indisputable distinction: the two most improbable given names in the game. But beyond that, the record becomes cloudy. At the moment, he's number nine in the 14-name list of leading passers in the professional game. He can't run for peanuts, and he doesn't kick. His history includes service with a professional team (the old Baltimore Colts) which was able to win only one game while losing 11 in each of two seasons. As a college player at Louisiana State, he never made All-America; and as a professional his only official honor came in 1948 when he was named Rookie of the Year in the now defunct All-America conference. Only in one department does his current statistical standing make anyone look twice: it does seem to be a little hard to intercept a Tittle pass. In the first five games this season only one Tittle pass was trapped by opponents, and even on the unhappy afternoon of October 31st, when the 49ers dropped a heartbreaker to Chicago, 27-31, only one more worthy qualified as Tittle-interceptor. Considering that the man had passed 145 times, his record was something of a major feat.

All of which proves precious little about Mr. Tittle. What is important is a fairly general consensus that the current and operating quarterback for the San Francisco 49ers is the most valuable player in professional football today.

#### DAMN THE TORPEDGES

Buck Shaw, the quiet man of pro football coaching, had no complaints when the Bears knocked his team off its undefeated perch with a last-25-seconds, 66-yard touchdown pass. Tittle had not had one of his great days, but there were circumstances. He played the game as he had the week before, with his left hand in a cast. Broken on October 3rd, it was still so sore he couldn't use it in driving an automobile. Even at that he passed 31 times for 262 yards and one touchdown. The previous week, October 24, he played the entire game and threw two touchdown passes in San Francisco's upset win over the Detroit Lions.

By now, playing despite injuries is old stuff to Tittle. In 1953 he suffered a fracture of the cheekbone in making a touchdown against the Detroit Lions. Part of the break was dangerously close to eye nerves, but Tittle was back in uniform two weeks later and even insisted on getting into the game against

the Detroit Lions for a couple of plays, hoping to pull a victory out of the fire. The loss of Tittle's competitive drive probably cost the 49ers the Western Division title. Up to the time of the injury they were tied with Detroit for first place.

A sunken-eyed Texan from Marshall, Tittle is a curious combination of businessman, athlete and rah-rah college boy. When you watch him on the playing field you can see the results of 16 years of practice and training. If he makes false steps, they seldom are obvious. He is a decisive play caller, and when a fumble or interception has given the 49ers the ball he rushes into the huddle and you get the idea of a man coolly exploiting even a momentary psychological advantage. Such businesslike tactics and his passes net Tittle a salary that now totals \$15,000 to \$20,000 for about five months' work a year. He's bought into a Palo Alto insurance agency, looking forward to the day when he can't heave that football quite so accurately.

But a college kid is there, too. Among the 49ers there is an astonishing amount of pep talk, and in the center of it, pounding the seats of more pants than anyone else, is Y. A. Tittle. Joe Perry, the fullback who led pro ground gainers last year, thinks Tittle is one of the most anxious players around. "Before game time," he says, "he really gets wound up."

Hugh McElhenny, leading pro ground gainer this season until he was hurt, says, "Y. A. is the greatest com-

petitor you ever saw. He just likes to win in everything he plays, even cribbage. You've got to watch him when he's pegging up his points." Tittle answers simply, "I hate to lose."

Tittle has a quick tongue which, on occasion, has led him to dangerous admissions that he regretted later. One of the worst was the time he told an interviewer that he sometimes passes "just over their heads a little way" when he sees no receiver handy. Technically, that's throwing the ball away and a rule violation, in spite of the fact that virtually all passers do it. For this, Tittle's best friends felt constrained to give him a verbal spanking. Thoroughly chastised, he no longer discusses the point.

#### DARK DAYS

He is equally taciturn about the one major criticism made against him during the dark days just before the Baltimore Colts folded in 1950. Followers of Baltimore—and fortunately there weren't too many of the breed—accused him of being pass crazy. All Tittle says now is, "A team that loses that many games sure can't do anything with a running game."

At San Francisco the last couple of years, no excessive number of passes has been called for, nor have they been attempted. The offensive backfield—with Perry and McElhenny, the best and seventh-best runners in the league last year, to complement Tittle's passing—was as finely balanced an outfit as had been seen around football in



years. This season it is even better. John Henry Johnson, a 205-pound halfback who explodes with a bang every bit as loud as those that accompany McElhenny and Perry into the line, has joined the team from the Canadian leagues where he ran wild last season. Until McElhenny was injured the three were in a four-way race with Tank Younger of the Los Angeles Rams for league ground-gaining honors.

#### BASKET FULL OF DREAMS

The '49ers started the season with a strong line and a basket full of clippings that conceded the league championship to them along with many of the individual offensive titles. At end was Gordy Soltau who led the league in scoring the last two years and in 1952 was named on the UP all-league offensive team. The heart of the line was Leo Nomellini, on all-league offensive and defensive teams in each of the last three years. Others included Bill Wilson, sixth in 1953 in pass receptions; team captain Bruno Banducci, all-league for offense in 1953; Al Carapella, former All-America, and the giant 262-pound, six-foot-eight Bob St. Clair. With such material, the soothsayers reasoned, Tittle needed only to direct his minions passably well on the field and the opposition would curl up and die.

However, they weren't counting on injuries which have taken a dolorous toll of the '49ers. McElhenny's separated shoulder on Oct. 31 left the '49ers in a state of concentrated gloom that would do justice to a Los Angeles smog. But that was only the final straw. The '49ers suffered a grievous blow during the exhibition season when Soltau was knocked out with a shoulder separation. He didn't get back into the starting lineup until the sixth game. The defense was badly weakened by the loss of Safety Jim Cason, Line Barker Don Burke and others. The '49ers think the defense weakness almost lost the Detroit game on Oct. 24 and did lose the spectacle with Halas' Bears a week later.

All of which leaves things pretty much up to Tittle. In one sense this is like Baltimore in the old days, and the great question is whether Y.A., with the help of his remaining stars and competent but unspectacular Joe Arenas in McElhenny's spot, can out-guess and outpace the opposition often enough to build up a cushion of points which the defense most certainly will need.

On the basis of past performances Tittle and the '49ers have a fair chance  
*continued next page*

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Y. A. TITTLE continued from page 53

of rescuing the title that has proved so elusive in the past. One strong factor in their favor is Tittle's courage. Y.A. is a character nobody hurries, and nobody scares. Hurt badly a time or two, many players turn shy. But this Texas longhorn just doesn't shy at all. "Maybe," says Tittle, "I'll get hurt that way someday. People tell me I ought to be a little more careful."

Another facet of the Tittle character should help out too. He is a modest enough gentleman who has no exaggerated ideas of his own strategic infallibility. He can take advice, a fact that sits well with his teammates. When a lineman tells him, "This guard's pinching a lot, I can't take him out but I might take him in," Y.A. most likely will oblige by sending Perry plunging outside the guard on the next play. Warn Tittle, "This backer likes to come in hard," and the backer is going to find one of those easy-looking slow-fired passes lobbing just over his head.

### ELIMINATE THE NEGATIVE

All this is on the positive side, but there's a negative, too.

Part of this can be obtained by talking to Minette DeLoach Tittle, Y.A.'s black-haired, brown-eyed, size 12 and moderately busy wife who tends their three small children in a rented house in Palo Alto with almost no help from her husband. "Baby-sitters," she says in an accent which no printed words can properly indicate, "don't want to come when you have three youngsters under 5; and Y.A.'s just no good around the house. You ask him to cut the lawn or to feed the baby, and he just stands there. I guess you'd say he doesn't know much about managing kids."

Whereupon, Mike, aged 2, comes through blowing a tin horn. His father says, "Mike, don't do that," so Mike blows it again, and louder. Dianne, in red costume, comes through and turns up the TV sound. Her father says, "Dianne, don't do that. We're talking." So Dianne turns it up again, a little louder than before.

So perhaps the problem of National Professional Football League football teams facing the San Francisco '49ers from now on is reasonably simple. There's the stand-up man to be taken care of, but it can be done. Handled right, he can be reduced to a self-scratching, embarrassed pulp, not having any idea of what to do next.

Draft Red Riding Hood, boys. She'll take no nonsense from Yelberton Abraham Tittle Junior.





# 44

If you're watching football on television this Saturday, you might pay a little extra attention to Michigan's No. 44. He's no All-American, but he's pretty good. Mostly he's a nice kid who loves the game. No. 44 is a typical example of college football players everywhere.

by GILBERT MILLSTEIN

DRAWINGS BY ARTHUR SHILSTONE

IN THE peculiarly martial argot of big-time American college football, the University of Michigan's starting left halfback, No. 44, is, to sum up the opinion of his coaches, "a good operational man." Considerably more about No. 44 is implied here than may be read or, for that matter, than might have been found in a report made on him by the scouting staff of the University of Indiana a week or so before Indiana unexpectedly beat Michigan 13 to 9 at Ann Arbor. "Has had more playing time than any other back," said the estimate of No. 44. "Good safety man. Uses his speed to flow well versus passes. Good speed on offense, but not a power runner." All of this is useful, of course, but incomplete. The fact is that aside from the minimum physical equipment any football player must have, what makes No. 44 a good operational man is that, like many of his contemporaries, he is an idealist, a conformist, a realist, an authentic amateur in a world of subsidized football and a reproach to cynics.

No. 44 is a senior, a premedial student of regular if somewhat undifferentiated features and pleasingly malleable ways, who will be 22 years old next month. He is five feet, ten inches tall and generally weighs about 168 pounds. (He has lost as many as ten

pounds in a game.) His name is John Daniel Cline and he comes from Brockport, N.Y. where his father, who was once an outstanding college football player and track man, is the eastern supervisor of management training for the General Motors Institute, and before that coached football and track and was director of athletics at the high school in Midland, Mich. "I was brought up to love competition," No. 44 said one night not long ago in his slow, deliberate fashion. He rarely attempts to verbalize his mystique. Most often when he does, it comes out in the form of stereotypes and popular rationalizations.

## FAMILY FULL OF HALFBACKS

"Dad would have been disappointed if I hadn't played football," No. 44 went on, "but he never pushed me or Earl." (No. 44's younger brother, Earl, is a halfback at Hamilton College and went there because he felt he was too light to play at a big university.) He remembered that when he was three his father bought him a complete football uniform and remembered that one day, when his father opened the door of the house, No. 44 had tackled him, hit his head against his father's knee and fractured his skull. "Dad played halfback at Central Michigan," No. 44 contin-

ued, "and he was an All-America in track, a high-jumper and decathlon man. He qualified for the high jump in the Olympics in 1928, but he popped a muscle in his leg and they told him he'd never jump again. On the day the Olympics were held in Amsterdam he was jumping at the Cadillac Athletic Club in Michigan. He jumped 6 feet 4½ inches, and that's just what Bob King jumped at Amsterdam. Dad taped a piece of broomstick to his leg to hold the muscle in place."

The extent of No. 44's dedication may be gauged at two points in time, three years apart. In the spring of 1951, on his application blank for entrance into Michigan, he wrote in a required autobiographical note: "I have heard nothing but good things about the U. of M. and have been a rabid football fan for many years. If I attend the U. of M. it will be a prophecy fulfilled, for when Tom Harmon was 'All American' halfback at Michigan he autographed a picture for me which said, 'To Danny, Class of '51, U. of M. Squad. Sincerely, Tom Harmon.'" (Cline has never met Harmon but his aunt, a plump, pleasant woman who teaches high school in Gary, Ind., once had Harmon as a student and got him to autograph the photograph for her nephew.)

*continued on next page*

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No. 44 continued from page 55

On the basis of past performance, No. 44's play in the Indiana game was slightly substandard. He carried the ball 13 times for a net gain of 33 yards. He passed eight times for a net gain of 10 yards. Two of his passes were completed, and two were intercepted. None materially affected the outcome of the game. He also caught two passes for a total gain of 22 yards. He played 50 minutes and 40 seconds, which is about average for him. A week later, against Illinois, he gained 70 yards on the ground and threw a 21-yard touchdown pass that won the game. In last Saturday's game with Michigan State, he did another good afternoon's work — not startlingly spectacular but generally competent. He played all but about seven minutes of the game, and was taken out only when the game was in the bag and he wasn't needed any longer. He carried the ball a few times, and averaged 4.3 yards a carry. As safety man, he returned some kicks. He defended his zone adequately. He tried six passes. Only two were completed—sometimes his fault, sometimes the fault of the receiver—but one of them, a bullet pass to Lou Baldacci near the 5-yard line which Baldacci ran for a touchdown, was the real turning point of the game. Now comes Ohio State, which has turned out to be the most menacing rival of Michigan's season. No. 44, like his colleagues, will be "up" for the game. There's work to be done, and he'll be in there doing it.

A couple of hours after the Indiana debacle, in which his lips had been bloodied and his face scratched, the bridge of his nose battered and several

ribs in his left side bruised, No. 44 was dressing for the evening, painfully and awkwardly, in the disorderly yet somehow monastic two-room suite he shares in the Sigma Chi fraternity house, with a big, fourth-string center named Bowman. He picked up his varsity jacket and then decided against it. "I don't think I'll wear it," he said to Bowman. "There's no use being seen around campus in that tonight." Bowman, who has never played in a game and who has been used simply to scrimmage against the varsity ever since he was a sophomore, gulped manfully, turned away and said, in a low voice, "That's the way it goes, Danny."

The University of Michigan is a representative member of the Big Ten Conference and, in the minds of its 150,000 alumni, as much consecrated to football as to scholarship. It has a stadium that seats 97,239 people, cost well over a million dollars to put up (when it was built in 1927 to seat 79,000 people, the original cost was \$950,000; currently, the press box alone is being remodeled at a cost of \$30,000), and is the largest college-owned structure of its kind in the world. It is used no more than half a dozen times a year, and then only for football (No. 44 once remarked, in a casual conversation, that he found the stadium more awesome—even a little frightening—empty than he did when it was full of customers.)

Although he is not familiar with the exact figures, and doesn't know, for example, that it costs \$124.95 to equip him and up to \$11,000 to feed the squad for a month-long preschool training period, No. 44 is neither unaware that he is part of a large-scale enterprise



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nor resentful of the fact, and in this is typical of his kind. He has been called, among other things, a "player's player," a "good, solid guy on the right side of things," a "man who gives 150% of himself," and an "everyday player—in every way—not just a Saturday player." His opinions are respected, as one football player put it, not so much because of what he says as the affirmative way in which he says it. Thus, he has won the Fielding H. Yost Honor Award, established in the name of the coach who probably did most to make Michigan a big-time football institution, which is given on the basis of moral character and good citizenship, physical ability, scholastic achievement and the capacity for leadership and success. This year, he was also elected to Michigan, a senior honor society which taps only 25 men a year.

"You realize the importance of football to a school like this," No. 44 said in his characteristically candid, persuasive way. "It pays for every other sport. You can see the—I'm searching for a word—that it seems reasonable that a football player should get some financial aid for the money that football does make for the university. But at Michigan you couldn't possibly consider yourself an employee like you could at some other schools where they go in for football in a big way. Here you get money to enable you to go to school; you don't get money for going to school. I figure it's a privilege to go to Michigan and also to play football for Michigan." He added, a trifle self-consciously, "After four years of college, you've got the rest of your life to live. You can always be respected for having gone to Michigan."

At present No. 44 is living on a \$900

Elmer J. Gedeon Memorial Scholarship, the terms of which roughly parallel those of the Yost award (which pays him nothing). He saved \$350 last summer out in South Dakota where he worked in a playground and also played baseball in an amateur league made up mostly of college players like himself.

He is the 1955 captain of Michigan's baseball team and has been scouted by a number of major league organizations. There is a Michigan alumnus who is "interested" in No. 44 and who recently invested some money in stocks for him, which brought No. 44 \$240. His parents send him money now and then, but there was a time—in his freshman year—when he waited on table for his meals.

"Michigan certainly doesn't overpay," he observed matter-of-factly. "Financially speaking, it was the worst offer. I could have been making money going to other schools." There never was any question in his mind that he would play football in college and that football would pay for his education—there were a brother and sister his parents intended to send to college, too, and that entailed a financial burden No. 44 fully appreciated. At the end of his junior year at Brockport High School (where he was a letter man in four sports, to say nothing of being a sectional champion in skiing), No. 44 deliberately transferred to Aquinas Institute in nearby Rochester which, in the football business, has the reputation of being a sort of Eastern farm for the big colleges and maintains a stadium seating 25,000 people, for a showcase.

He played football there for a semester, returning in the spring to Brockport to get his diploma. He was approached by, among others, Indiana, Cornell, Rochester, Villanova, Yale and Brown. No. 44 said "One place," he said, "offered me room, board, tuition, books, three trips home by plane every year and spending money. They came after me even after I'd entered Michigan." He also received a Congressional appointment to the Naval Academy, but turned it down because there was no certainty that he could pursue a medical education there. At Brockport, he was graduated third, scholastically, in his class. At Michigan he has maintained an average that fluctuates between a high C and a B. His instructors—this year he is taking 15 hours of philosophy, speech, zoology, anthropology and geography—regard him as alert and intelligent. "I couldn't make it any stronger than that," his philosophy instructor said not long ago. "He's not just a bunk—

he follows what's going on. At crucial times—when I've asked questions—he's had an answer. I'll put it this way: he's no Einstein, but neither am I."

Apart from football practice, which takes place every afternoon until about 6 o'clock, No. 44's academic week varies little from that of any other student enrolled in the university. He attracts no unusual attention in the classroom. He must do his studying at night, and generally goes to the library to do it. Recently, when he has returned late to his fraternity house, he has taken to rousing the sleeping brothers by reading items off a bulletin board at the top of his voice. The brothers are tolerant of this behavior: they don't think he's crazy—just blowing off steam, releasing the tension that builds up between games. He neither smokes nor drinks (Ann Arbor is dry) and he seldom has dates during the week, though he may take in an occasional movie.

So it is football that dominates No. 44's life and it is even, quite literally, the stuff his dreams are made of. On the Wednesday night before the Indiana game he composed himself for



sleep before 10:30, as usual, and as usual at that time of week, began to dream about football. This time he dreamed that Michigan had kicked off. The ball described a low arc, hit an Indiana man and dropped dead. No. 44 picked up the ball. He remembers lateraling it to a tackle named Art Walker, and then the dream trailed off into something else he is unable to recall. His sleeping fantasies are of a type psychiatrists call "examination dreams," that is uncomplained dreams of passing some forthcoming test. They are never, as No. 44 put it, "dreams of

*continued on next page*



## GIFT LIST I

# CHRISTMAS BY MAIL ORDER

These 50 special Christmas gifts, from hand-carved horses to deer-hide mukluks, can be ordered by mail from six New England stores

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD VESPA

Ever since the glorious days of whaling, many New England country stores have had the flavor of an international bazaar. To this day they carry the best hand-crafted native products, plus imported products from all over the world. To prepare its first Christmas shopping list, SI toured Massachusetts, Vermont, New Hampshire and Maine and selected 50 gifts for sportsmen from a variety of country shops. All of the items shown on the following pages may be ordered by mail from the particular store shown with each group—in time for Christmas.



*Bratton's Country Shop, Wells, Maine, gathered its selection of gifts, clothing, foods and furniture from 485 sources in the United States and 23 countries overseas.*



**\$19.50** Cabin lamps from 19th century British ships are steel and brass, burn kerosene but may be wired. They're 14" high, 11" diameter. Express collect



**\$5.25** Old fish-design buttermold is cast into bronze. Paperweight. A bronze cast of Bratton fisherman's prayer can be mounted on boat. \$4.25.



**\$20** M. E. Brasher carves horses and dogs in authentic detail from solid walnut. Bearing horse, 6½" high, Arabian horse (left) 5" high, are both \$20. Galloping foal, \$7.50. Brasher also carves portrait statues of dogs and horses. Send photos, write for prices.



**\$26.50** This cast of an old westervane horse is of aluminum, painted black. It is 30" long, 15" high. Bratton's and other stores on these pages will gladly send catalogs. Gift orders are postpaid unless stated.



*The Country Store, Concord, Mass., has carried "only the best from the East and West" since 1928. The building was once the home of Henry Thoreau's father, who kept shop there.*



**\$22.50** Authentic lederhosen are made in Austria. Gray leather, piped in green; women's sizes 12 to 18. Women's divert boots by Clark's; green or red, \$12.95.



**\$42.50** Chambray shirts for men and women are warm and soft. Chambray zippered jacket is for men only; has flapped pockets, \$42.50.



*Carroll Reed's Ski Shop, North Conway, N.H., carries winter sports equipment and clothing from all over the world. This shop also rents and repairs skis and ski boots.*



**\$8.80** Lightweight La Fuma pack of canvas is made in France, has zipper pocket, drawstring closure.



**\$32.50** Paul Mage water-repellent ski sweaters are hand-knit in Copenhagen. Women's cardigan, left, is \$32.50; has mitts and cap to match, each \$4.95. Men's pullover is \$35, has matching cap, \$4.95.



*The Vermont Country Store, Weston, Vt., is an authentic revival of an 1830 store founded by Aaron Vost Orin's father. It draws 100,000 visitors a year to a town of 500.*



**\$17-\$35** Tubbs Snowshoe Company, who equipped Admiral Byrd, also makes various chairs of hand-crafted Vermont ash and rawhide.



**\$5.50** Come-and-get-it bell is of solid brass, has rawhide thong pull, horseshoe bracket. Bell and chair both are shipped FOB, Weston, Vt.



**\$75** Classic Harris-tweed suit of blue or tan heather mixtures has man-tailored jacket, flap pockets, single vent. Skirt has four gores. Jacket, \$50, and skirt, \$25, may be ordered separately.



**\$10.50** Authentic clan-tartan button-down shirts are of D. & J. Anderson gingham. These have long sleeves, come in men's and women's sizes. Various tartans and check patterns are available.



**\$10.95** Snowproof reindeer-hide mukluks are from Scandinavia, are trimmed with rabbit fur. Ladies'-size 4 to 8, \$10.95. Children's sizes 9 to 2, \$7.95.



**\$2.95** up. Ski caps from round the world, from stocking caps to fast caps. center, \$4.95; clockwise from left, \$3.95, \$1.25, \$4.95, \$2.95, \$3.25.



**\$10** The lightweight leather "fanny pack" is designed to hold a cross-country skier's wax and lunch. It's also useful for cyclists, hikers, equestrians.



*L. L. Bean, Freeport, Me., is as much a Maine institution as a shore dinner. Hunters find his store open 24 hours a day, can even buy game licenses there at midnight.*



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*The Vermont Workshop, in Woodstock, Vt., has Nancy Wickham's ceramic studio on the first floor, her shop above. She specializes in gifts hand-crafted in New England.*



**\$16.95** Hand-turned wood is a Vermont specialty. This cheese tray is of hand-turned mahogany, has the center with painting of a pheasant in flight. Smaller cheese trays in birch are \$10.95.



**\$29.95** Russ P. Burr is a retired cabinetmaker who combs Cape Cod beaches for driftwood, then carves birds to suit the individual mountings. Double birds, like owls and mallards, are \$29.95; singles, like the upland plover, \$12.95. Sea gull by a Maine craftsman is hand-carved from ash, \$18.



**\$55** Ceramic lamp made by Nancy Wickham in her workshop has reed shade. Design originated from deer she saw by moonlight munching beans in back yard.



**\$9.50** A Naughty Duck doorstop is forged of iron, has alter ego called Nice Duck. They weigh 20 pounds, and must be ordered FOB, Woodstock, Vt.



# ARMY'S RETURN TO POWER

Three years ago a great West Point football machine was destroyed. Here is the story of how Col. Red Blaik, despite a personal heartbreak, rebuilt Army into a top 1954 team

by **BOOTON HERNDON**

THREE YEARS AGO, Rollie Bevan, the short, squat, howitzer-voiced West Point trainer who ranks even General Douglas MacArthur in the Society for the Admiration of Coach Earl H. Blaik, decided he had had a bellyful of the whole United States Army. He had seen 45 young men, the absolute finest in intelligence, courage and leadership, browbeaten and dismissed from the United States Military Academy for "cribbing" but really—Rollie believes—because they played football for Red Blaik. And one of those cadets was a boy Rollie had raised from the age of two, a boy he loved as fiercely and as proudly as he would love his own son.

"I told Colonel Blaik I was through, and I told him he ought to be through, too," Rollie says today. "But you know what he told me? 'No, Rollie,' he said. 'I can't quit and you can't either. We're going to fight this out. We've got to prove that what we're doing is right. We're going to demonstrate for once and for all the utter folly of trying to kill winning football at Army!'"

"He got me straightened out all right," Rollie continued. "But all the time he was talking to me God alone knows how he was feeling inside. Because they got his boy, too!"

Bob Blaik, the colonel's boy, would have been All-American that year; he never played again. His ambition was to be a regular officer in the U.S. Army; today he's an enlisted man in the Air Force. Other parents might have left in hurt fury. Colonel Blaik and the stylish, poised woman who is his wife chose to stay and fight.

"I don't know and I don't care where the pip-squeaks who tried to get him are today," says Rollie Bevan, "but I can tell you where Red Blaik is. He's right here at West Point where he be-

longs, developing leaders of men and putting winning teams on the field. And are we going to knock the very living hell out of Navy?"

Today, four seasons after his entire squad was pulled out from under him, Blaik has brought football back to power at Army, and Army football back to power in the nation. With only nine lettermen and a decisive loss in the opening game, Army has won seven straight and is fifth in the nation.

## LEAN AND DANGEROUS

How did Blaik do it? One answer is Blaik himself—reserved, a perfectionist, but with a glowing intensity of inspirational dimension. Another is the caliber of the West Point cadet—lean, of high intelligence, and with a determination that's downright dangerous.

George Blackburn, the new backfield coach in his first year at Army, is still a little awed by what the colonel can get out of those boys. At midnight one Wednesday, for instance, Blaik thought of a brand-new offensive tactic to use against Duke three days later. He telephoned his staff then and there and outlined his idea.

"Duke had a powerful defense," Blackburn says, "an eight-man line with end and tackle pinching the offensive end between them. The colonel worked out a series of unorthodox patterns for our ends to confuse them with. On one, the end would pretend to go out for a pass, then stop short and block. On another, both ends would line up tight, then suddenly jump up and split way out."

Unorthodoxy has been old hat to the American Army ever since a general named Washington ran a wide-end sweep across the Delaware River in rowboats, also in the middle of the night. No movies were taken of that encounter, but there are plenty of the Duke game. In them you can see confusion spread from the ends and tackles

**THE ARMY SPIRIT** is exemplified by Capt. Bob Farrer (55) who still walks up for practice though out with injury.

*continued on next page*



BLAIK AND SDN were photographed before Bob was expelled for "cribbing."

#### ARMY'S RETURN *continued from page 63*

throughout the whole Duke team. George Blackburn is convinced the colonel's midnight strategy turned what would have been a dead-end contest into the 28-14 rout it became.

"But the whole point is," Blackburn says, "that we taught our boys a whole new offense in two practice sessions of 90 minutes each. I don't think any college team in the country could have done it. It took cadets with trigger-quick minds, and the inspiration of Red Blaik. The boys believe in him."

Coach Blaik believes in his cadets, too. He believes in football. ("A lot of Earl's former players have come back from combat and told me that they learned more on the football field than anywhere else at the academy," Mrs. Blaik says.)

The taxpayer gets a free ride on this type of training, too. The entire program of 17 varsity sports, from Blaik's salary of well over \$15,000 plus quarters to the adhesive tape Rolife Bevan applies, is carried by the nonmilitary Army Athletic Association, which in turn is supported almost entirely by football. The head of the AAA, naturally, is Earl Blaik. In addition to the varsity team, football is practically part of the curriculum at West Point. Each of the 24 companies has its own team, completely equipped and intelligently coached.

When Army and Navy come together in Philadelphia Nov. 27 it will

be the third heard 'round the world. Who would have bet a tarnished button, back in September, that Army would come up to the Navy game one of the top 10 football powers this year? Bob Farris, captain and leader, had been benched for good with an eye injury. End Don Hollender walked the area with a pack on his back during the first two games. There was no other end, no center, no line backer, who had ever played in a varsity game.

#### SOME CHANGES MADE

In the first game, South Carolina, with experience and depth, soundly beat a green and thin Army team. Sparking individual performances won the next game, with Michigan. Then, between Saturdays, Blaik ripped his entire line to pieces. He moved Stephenson, his 185-pound sophomore center, into left tackle, a position he'd never played before. He filled the hole at center with a boy named Chance, who'd flopped successively as tackle, end, and fullback. He put Godwin Ordway, who'd played offensive center his plebe year, second-string end the next, into right tackle ahead of Ron Melnik, a bruising 215-pounder. Don Hollender put down his pack and came back to end. The rest of the line stayed the same, with Sophomore Art Johnson at the other end, Sophomore Play Goodwin at one guard, and Ralph Chesnaszkas, an honor student who is one of the best guards in the country, at the other. This patched-up gang turned into a great line.

Now look what happened on the second team. Instead of pouting, Melnik began helaloring the B team something pitiful, trying to get back up there again. Ed Sevretcz, who had been only an alternate center on the plebes the year before, caught fire from Melnik and became the talk-it-up guy. All of a sudden, Army, which hadn't been expected to have one good line, came up with two terrific ones. Why? Ordway has one answer.

"I want to play football so bad I'll play anywhere the colonel puts me, sir," he said.

Billy Chance has another. "Colonel Blaik told me to play center so I did, sir," he said.

Blaik had already molded his first-string backfield. At least two owe their stardom to Red Blaik and the Point. Tommy Bell, who is running right into the All-America, wasn't sought after by other schools, and got into West Point on his own. He had to repeat his plebe year; he learned, the double hard way, that instantaneous unquestion-

ing response to an order which the academy beats into its cadets.

Even the pros can't teach their ball carriers to break immediately for the hole without looking first to see if it's really there. Sometimes by the time they get there it isn't. But Tommy Bell never hesitates. He is the fastest-breaking halfback in the country. He takes that ball where they tell him to take it, right now.

Take Pete Vann, the quarterback and key man of the Army offense, who's so slick a ball handler that even in the press box with field glasses you can't always tell who really has the ball. Pete had been the cocky quarterback of the cocky little high-school team of Hsmburg, N.Y. At West Point he discovered all the things he didn't know about college football, and the shock nearly killed him. His potential was there, all right, but he couldn't seem to get over that initial insecurity.

Against Penn, his sophomore year, it showed up in a shaky pass that Walt Hynoski intercepted. Hynoski picked up a pair of blockers and he was off. Vann didn't pay any attention to the blockers. He ran right through both of them, and racked up Hynoski, but good. And then he settled down and played it cool.

After the game, in the dressing room, Colonel Blaik strolled by him. "Pete," he said quietly, "now you are a man." There has been no doubt since about Army's quarterback.

#### RESALE ON SUNDAY

Blaik is an inspiration to his assistant coaches as well as to his players. Each Sunday during the season the squad meets after chapel to see the movies of Saturday's game. At the end of the meeting Blaik gives a little talk. "I've been eating this stuff for years," George Blackburn, who's been coaching since 1937, says, "but every Sunday the colonel sells me football all over again." Actually, each of Blaik's assistants believes firmly in football, in himself, and that he is making a major contribution to the future of the nation through its youth.

Army recruits football players, but in a crazy sort of way. The coaching staff calls for a transcript of a high-school star's grades before they even glance at his rushing average. If the kid doesn't have straight B's or higher, or an IQ of over 112 and great desire, they don't encourage him at all.

Of the 400-odd boys the coaching staff makes contact with in a year, the Army gets about 20. It isn't hard to get appointments for them. If you

don't want intelligent students of proven courage, stamina and leadership in the United States Military academy, then what's the thing for, anyway?

Once in West Point, where everybody is on scholarship, the only difference between the man out for football and any other cadet is that he has more lumps and less time. He even gets less food.

This Saturday, Nov. 20, the corps of cadets will sit down to a noonday dinner of:

Pineapple coleslaw with sweet-cream dressing  
Baked Shepherd's pie with Dutchess potato crust  
Buttered garden peas  
Bread, butter  
Cupcakes  
Coffee with light cream

Rollie Bevan, however, edited this menu down a bit for the football squad. With a little practice game coming up, they will have:

Orange juice  
Steak, 4 oz.  
Two slices toast, one pat butter  
One glass milk

Most Army players would weigh 10 pounds more at any Bevan-less institution. But Coach Blaik has said, many a time, that his rawhoned 190-pounders pack a far greater punch than rubber-tired pros outweighing them by 60 pounds.

#### ORGANIZATION, SIR!

Most pro teams don't scrimmage at all, and many colleges cut down on it after the season is underway. Blaik, whose own day runs from 8:30 a.m. to

10:30 p.m. and who hasn't taken a vacation in 13 years, has his men knocking heads three days a week right on through. He even takes movies of his scrimmages, and he and the staff spend hours a day studying them. When the boys come out to practice, the coaches are laying for them with clip boards detailing every mistake. This, sir, is organization.

On the next four pages:

#### A PREVIEW OF THE ARMY-NAVY GAME

Scouting reports on both teams, numbers to watch, sketch of Coach Eddie Erdelatz, and an evaluation by Herman Hickman.

If a staff of Army psychologists was assigned to draw up a directive establishing heredity and environmental background for coaches, football, they could not possibly better that of Earl H. Blaik. His father was a Scotch immigrant who became a prosperous realtor and community leader. "Blaik-built" still means a good house in Dayton, Ohio. But the elder Blaik saw to it that Earl worked for his spending money.

Blaik's mother was a warmhearted churchwoman with a bright sense of humor who had hot homemade bread with butter and sugar on it waiting when he came home from school. Blaik today is a man of great inner security, almost standoffish, but with some humor and no false pride. He has a habit of sitting with Rollie Bevan after practice, nervously tearing off strips of adhesive tape and sticking them somewhere. Someone once called him to the phone during a tape-tearing session, and he jumped off

the training table and fell flat on his face. He'd absent-mindedly taped his own feet together. The colonel was able to laugh at himself.

Blaik played a lot of end at Miami University in Ohio, then lettered in three sports at West Point. He put in a year in the cavalry, but, like so many other officers of the inflated postwar Army, resigned and went into business. He had a little part-time coaching on the side, and it wasn't long before he was at it full time. He went to West Point in 1927, and was civilian assistant to three successive regular Army officers before he woke up. He became head coach at Hartmouth, and promptly began putting together great teams.

Meantime, Army was going nowhere. After the cadets dropped seven out of nine games in 1940, the new superintendent, General Eichelberger, asked Blaik to return to West Point as head coach. During and immediately after the war years, with manpower and Blaik, Army was invincible. The team continued high in the national rankings until 1951, the year of the so-called cribbing scandals. The real scandal was the way it was handled. No less an authority than General MacArthur, himself a former superintendent, has said privately that the whole matter could—and should—have been settled with an unpublishable reprimand and disciplinary action against only two of the 90 cadets dismissed.

#### MOST VALUABLE MEMBER

The expulsions didn't even leave Blaik with a B squad. He got boys from the C squad and out of the intramural program, and put a team together. Even with this bunch he won a couple of games against college competition. He never quit driving himself, his staff, or his players. Today he is, General MacArthur says, just about the most valuable faculty member at West Point.

Last Saturday the colonel was in the station hospital with pneumonia while his team was beating Penn 35-0 in Philadelphia. The score might have gone higher, but the colonel had written a little note to be read privately to the boys before the game, and they got so tense and tight they played a dull and sluggish game.

Against Navy, the colonel, who is on the mend, will doubtless deliver his pregame message in person. The outcome of the game is anybody's guess but you can bet on one thing. There won't be a dull and sluggish minute in it.



**ARMY WILL TO WIN** shows up the face of Halfback Tommy Bell as he drives fiercely through Penn line last Saturday. The Cadets, even without Blaik's guidance, won 35-0.

# SCOUTING REPORTS ON ARMY-NAVY—



Here for SI readers is a complete and authentic scouting report on the favorite—powerful

## ARMY

## NAVY

has been checked by scouts, too. Here is word on the middies—dangerous, strong, tough



**A**RMY is not only well coached and well drilled, but it is also explosive. Although the team has run up its largest scores against Ivy League schools, it has shown this same scoring ability against stronger teams in Duke and Michigan.

Defensively Army is not strong in line backers. The pass defense is adequate. Army backs often fall into a semi-zone defense for opponent's passes and sometimes there are slips. The line, like most Army lines, is tough and strong. The whole team tackles hard and low.

Army has great team speed and plays hard, aggressive football. What cannot be overemphasized is the running ability of the Army backs and the over-all team effort. This is a team that gets off the mark fast, hits hard and goes all the way once it gets its hands on the ball. The strongest single feature is

Army's consistent ability to move the ball. Specifically the team breaks down like this:

**The Ends:** Offensively they use the four-point stance, a shoulder block on opposing tackles. Man to man blocking predominates. Favorite pass patterns are deep criss-crosses, hooks and quick tosses over center. Defensively they have varied style. Generally they take one step, hold and react to play. Charge hard only occasionally.

**The Tackles:** Offensively they use four-point stance, and employ straight ahead or cross block, on ends. Use fast offensive charge and get to their man fast. Defensively tackles vary their position, depending on split of offensive tackles. They pursue fast, recover quickly.

**The Guards:** Offensively use three-point stance. Pull out often to trap and lead play deep around ends. Use peel



VANN



BELL



CYGLER



KVASHY



UEBEL



WELSH



CRAIG



WEAVER



MONAHAN



GUEST

**N**AVY'S well-coached, well-drilled and well-conditioned team does not explode. It varies its attack—pass, run, pass, pass, run—and makes good yardage. But Navy isn't a constant threat to go all the way.

Like most Navy teams, this one is aggressive. It has good over-all speed, hits hard and has good over-all agility.

Navy runs a lot of option plays from both the split T and the solid T and that is the key to the attack—heaviest to the outside. On defense the team has standout linebackers and pass defenders. Pass defense is man to man and well handled. Tackling is hard. Specifically the team breaks down like this:

**The Ends:** They run the gamut of all pass patterns, deep and short. They have about as complete a set of pat-

terns as any ends can. On runs they use the shoulder block primarily. Defensively they crash frequently off a three-point stance. They play close to the offensive ends.

**The Tackles:** They use fast offensive charge and get to their man fast, off a three-point stance. Navy tackles do not feint block. Defensively, like rest of team, tackles are on man-to-man set-up; are good pursuers and recover well.

**The Guards:** Offensively they pull out of the line often from their three-point stance. They move over well on option plays around end. In line drive they aim block at the leg or side. Defensively they use hand charges and react well.

**The Centers:** Navy's center holds ball at angle with front tip on ground, back tip in air, then snaps ball apparently

# SAVE FOR USE SATURDAY, NOV. 27

## THE PLAYING PERSONNEL

blocking downfield. In line, drive hard, aim block at the leg or the side. Defensively all use hand charge and react quickly.

**The Centers:** Offensively use two-hand snap, weight well forward and follow with diving lunge. Defensively they back up the line.

**The Backs:** All halfbacks are dangerous, hitting top speed in second stride. Quarterback and fullback excellent. Defensively backs come up fast on end sweeps, drop deep in pass situations and often utilize zone. As a unit they contain play very well.

**General:** They break huddle fast and get down at once. They sometimes run on quick snap. They use aggressive blocking to protect passer but on short passes they all fire out. Line makes quick contact on offense and quick pursuit on defense. Team is strong and tough.

**PETE YANN, qb:** Superb faker, ball handler and fine long passer. Tries to pass long too often but Army may be saving short pass attack for Navy.

**TOM BELL, hb:** Outstanding runner on team, must be tackled hard and low. Good pass receiver and blocker. Has great speed and running agility.

**JOE CYCLER, hb:** Strong runner, blocker, but not exceptionally fast. Used as blocker on weak side end run.

**BOB NYASNY, hb:** Another breakaway runner with extra speed. Does punting and punts well.

**PAT UEBEL, fb:** Was halfback last year but hits hard and likes to run over people. Backs line but is weak link in strong Army defensive line-up.

**ART JOHNSON, end:** Strong, fast, but not too agile, rushes passer well. Looks like most improved man on squad.

**BONHOLEKER, end:** Could be All-American. Fast, agile, will outrun halfback to catch pass unless played deep. Best all-around end Navy will see all year.

**RICK STEPHENSON, tackle:** Small but aggressive and fast. Plays in line well, but can back up well.

**GOODWIN OROWAY, tackle:** Small, too, but hits hard and reacts especially well on end runs.

**RON WELNHIN, tackle:** Big, powerful man, subs for Oroway. Lacks speed.

**BILL CHANCE, center:** Fine blocker and middle backer-up on five-man line.

**FLAY GOODWIN, guard:** Aggressive, tough, very fast lineman. Pulls out of line well, using his speed.

**RALPH CHESNAUSKAS, guard:** Big and rough. Middle guard in five-man line. A little short on speed.



JOHNSON

HOLLENDER

STEPHENSON

OROWAY

WELNHIN

CHANCE

GOODWIN

CHESNAUSKAS



REAGLE

SMITH

MCCOOL

HOPKINS

ROYER

DAVIS

BENZ

ARONIS

with one hand. Centers follow with diving lunge. Defensively they do a fine job of line backing.

**The Backs:** Quarterback runs very well on option play, and other backs know their roles, so their option is a constant threat. Halfbacks are speedy and dangerous. Fullbacks run hard but are not breakaway threats. Defensively, Navy backfield is outstanding. They are good pass defenders and line backers and plays are contained exceptionally well.

**General:** Team is strong and tough. Defenses include six-man line and 5-4 setup. Defenders react well with very rapid pursuit. Team breaks huddle fast, gets down at once, sometimes uses quick snap. Options are key to both passing and running offense and Navy knows how to make option plays click.

**GEORGE WELSH, qb:** Good short passer, likes to run. Can hurt you on option or end run pass. Not much on long throws. Good judgment as a rule.

**BOB CRAIG, hb:** Fast runner, moves well. Hard tackles make him fumble.

**JOHN WEAVER, hb:** Converted quarterback. Top pass defender. Deceptive runner but not especially speedy.

**PHIL MOHARR, hb:** Hard, fast-running back, with power-plus drive. Good defender and team leader.

**DICK QUEST, fb:** Hard runner, fast for fullback, but can be moved by good shoulder blocking.

**RON REAGLE, end:** Standout in class with Hollender. Fast, agile, tough.

**ELL SMITH, end:** Big, rough, and strongest as a defensive player.

**PAT MCCOOL, tackle:** Stands out as blocker. Keeps feet well. Plays off line on defense and charges across hard, but recovers very quickly.

**JOHN HOPKINS, tackle:** Replaces McCool. Fair blocker who reacts well.

**JIM ROYER, tackle:** Can be blocked. Notre Dame and Duke gained most of their yardage through his side. Good blocker on offense.

**BOB DAVIS, center:** Backs up right side but can be blocked. Has been hurt.

**LEN BENZ, guard:** Quick. Plays off line, hits high, slides with qb. Must keep feet when blocking him.

**ALEX ARONIS, guard:** Backs up left side. Aggressive. Does good job. Falls out of line well on option plays around end.

## THESE ARE NUMBERS TO WATCH

### NAVY

#### GEORGE WELSH, QB

Threw two scoring passes against Penn. Then proved he could run in Duke game with 46-yard romp that got middies rolling to impressive victory.



#### DICK GUEST, FB

Got off kick in game with Stanford that traveled 73 yards put Stanford in bad hole. Played second string for a time but has caught many passes.



#### PHIL MOHARR, HB

Injuries have slowed him down and kept him sidelined for large part of season. But he'll be well for Army and has a great deal of time to make up.



#### BOB CRAIG, HB

Ran back a kick 66 yards against Dartmouth for his stand-out play but has borne brunt of Navy attack on the ground for almost the entire season.



#### HOW BEAGLE, END

Has caught touch-down passes three times this year. In Stanford game fell on fumble in end zone for score. He caught eight passes against Dartmouth.



#### BILL SMITH, END

"Navy's other end," he's been overshadowed by Beagle all year. Look for his blocks on end runs, though. He's not flashy. Hits hard but with no fuss.



### ARMY

#### PETE VANK, QB

He doesn't pass as often as some other quarterbacks, but when he does throw look out. He has flipped for 12 touch-downs so far, isn't afraid of 13.



#### PAT UEBEL, FB

Non-spectacular man in Army backfield who does a great deal of the work. He was hurt in game with Yale and sat out Penn game to be ready for Navy.



#### BOB KYASKY, HB

A speedy sophomore, he was hurt during Army's first game. Got back in time for Yale and tallied twice. Rated fastest Army back since great Glenn Davis.



#### TOM BELL, HB

Third in the nation in rushing, he has made at least one long run in every game this year. He sports average gain of 11 yards for each carry.



#### ANT JOHNSON, END

Like Navy's Smith, he's overshadowed. But he is a fine receiver and he has nabbed many long passes including one for 41 yards against Dartmouth.



#### BOB WALLEDER, END

Among his catches this season there are passes of 67, 58, 55, 44 yards. After the Dartmouth game an Army coach commented on catching with Willie May's.



ARMY-NAVY continued from page 47

## WORDS TO SING

### Anchors Aweigh

Stand, Navy, down the field  
Sail on to the sky!  
We'll never change our course  
So Army, you steer sky-y-y-y!  
Roll up the awes, Navy  
Anchors, aweigh!  
Sail, Navy, down the field,  
And sink the Army! Sink the Army  
Grey.

Blue of the Seven Seas,  
Gold of God's great sun,  
Let those our colors be  
Till all of time be don-a-e.  
By Severn's shore we learn  
Navy's stern call—  
Faith, courage, service, truth,  
And honor over, honor over all.

### The Goat

The goat is old and gnarly,  
And he's never been to school.  
But he can take the bacon  
From the worn out Army Mule.  
He's had no education  
But he's brimmin' full of fight,  
And Bill will feed  
On Army Mule tonight.  
Chorus  
Army, Army, call the doctor!  
Army, Army, call the doctor!  
Army, Army, call the doctor!  
You're all in down and  
(Spoken) — Whoa! Any cats today lady?  
No! Giddap!  
Army, Army, call the doctor!  
You're all in down and OUT.

### On Brave Old Army Team

The Army team's the pride and dream  
Of every heart in grey.  
The Army line you'll ever find  
A terror in the fray;  
And when the team is fighting  
For the Black and Grey and Gold,  
We're always near with song and cheer  
And this is the tale we're told—  
The Army team.  
Rah Rah Rah BOOM!  
On, brave old Army team,  
On to the fray;  
Fight on to victory.  
For that's the fearless Army way.

### Slam and Gravy

Sons of slum and gravy  
Will you let the Navy  
Take from us a victory?  
Hear a warrior's chorus,  
Sweep that line before us,  
Carry on to victory!  
Onward! Onward! Charge against the foe,  
Forward! Forward! The Army banners go!  
Sons of Mars and Thunder,  
Slip that line around,  
Carry on to victory.

## PLAYS TO WATCH



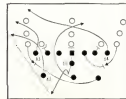
**NAVY SCREEN PASS** starts when Welsh (11) fakes and Guest (30) approaches line behind blockers. Guest hooks, Welsh throws and play rolls.



**NAVY TRICKERY** on play set to left begins with Welsh fake hand-off. Craig (44) sweeps wide from left, gets ball from Welsh, turns right and.



**ARMY QUICK OPENER** springs Halfback Bell (45) inside tackle Vann (10) takes center snap, slides to right and hands off to Bell charging through.



**ARMY PASS FAVORITE** gives Vann three options. He can throw to Kyasky (82) or to Johnson (83) or Hallender (84) who goes deep into foes' secondary.

## EDDIE ERDELATZ OF NAVY

OUT OF THE ranks of football coaches come very few men distinguished for unabashed humanitarianism. But Edward Joseph Erdelatz, who has coached Navy to postwar heights, has been caught, in off-guard moments, expounding the Golden Rule.

"I told the guys when I came here," Erdelatz says, "that I was gonna coach the way I wanted to be coached when I was playing. Nobody ever helped me by cuasing."

Without benefit of profanity, Erdelatz has helped Navy to a 6-2 record this season. More important is his past performance in the one game that is to Navy a season in itself. Navy has played Army four times since Erdelatz left an assistant coaching job with the professional San Francisco 49ers for Annapolis. Under Erdelatz Navy has beaten Army—and the cadets' famous Coach Red Blaik—three times and lost only once.

At 41, Erdelatz still finds himself called "Eddie" by everyone. He is a



HE TOOK NAVY TO TOP

quiet and easygoing man, but for Navy's Eddie Erdelatz life has been rarely easy and never quiet.

Two weeks after his birth, in San Francisco, his mother died. Erdelatz's father ran a saloon. By the time Eddie was 2 years old he was being raised by a couple past 70. Growing up as an orphan, he went through troubled times until his father stepped back into the picture and sent him to St. Joseph's Academy in Berkeley. It was there that Erdelatz discovered football.

After that it was all football. Erdelatz starred in high school and at St. Mary's College. He started line-coaching at St. Mary's in 1936 and worked his way up as a coach, until Navy called for him.

That was in 1949 and Navy summoned Erdelatz because the Middies had grown weary of losing to Army. They are not yet weary of beating Army, but that's not the fault of Eddie Erdelatz.

## HICKMAN'S HUNCH IS...

by HERMAN HICKMAN

SINCE I had the good fortune to spend five years as line coach at West Point, I know pretty well what is going on there this week. Bed sheets in varying degrees of artistry hang from every window. Even the lowly plebes are in on the act. "Mr. Dumb-john," the upperclassman inquires, "what does a plebe rank?"

"Sir," the bracing plebe intones, "The superintendent's cat, the commandant's dog, the waiters in the mess hall, and all the admirals in the whole damn Navy." The middies have their own devices.

Next week's Army-Navy game should be the most evenly matched Service struggle in years. This is the way I sum it up. Both lines are just about equal. "Quick" is the word that best describes them. The regime tends to give them that lean and hungry look, and to carry on with Mr. Shakespeare, "such men are dangerous." Defensively, both lines react fast to the ball and tackle with reckless abandon. The downfield blocking of both teams

is a joy to behold. This ardor results in many penalties but clipping is inevitable when teams block as well as these two, downfield.

Both backfields are blessed with speed. Army is perhaps a trifle faster. Coach Blaik, an old cavalry officer, has followed to the hilt the sayings of another old cavalry officer, General Nathan Bedford Forrest: "Get thar fastest with the mostest." Fumbles sometimes result from this speed-up tempo and this could be a factor in the game. Army possibly has more poise, but the '54 edition at the Naval Academy has been aptly named "A Team Called Desire."

Coach Eddie Erdelatz told me, "This is the best team that I've ever coached at the Naval Academy. We intend to ask no quarter or give no quarter."

Coach Blaik might not admit that this was his best team, but I'm certain that his sentiments about quarter are the same.

With the game a week away, I pick Army.

# HERE'S TAP DAY

Major league baseball's annual ritual for drafting minor leaguers is here again—with memory tests for the tappers

by ROGER KAHN

A JOINT ORDEAL is scheduled this Monday with major league officials and baseball writers battling for the role of star sufferer. The officials will meet at New York's Biltmore Hotel to start the annual "draft" of talent from the minor leagues. Each official has received, and presumably studied, a 69-page list of draftable players prepared by the Commissioner's office. The draft tests each official's ability to remember and to choose. It combines the main features of a final examination and tap day.

When Monday wanes and the draft is ended, the reporters' anguish starts. The newsmen will be required to write as much as 1,000 words on the enlistment of such players as George Schmees, outfielder. Schmees, the No. 1 draft choice in 1951, became famous as soon as his selection was announced.

"Who's Schmees?" shouted a puzzled newspaperman.

"God bless you," said his neighbor. That was George Schmees' moment

in the sun. He failed to make the St. Louis Browns' outfield, turned to pitching and was traded to Boston. There he couldn't make the Red Sox's pitching staff. Schmees was back in the minors again the following summer. He is eligible to be drafted again Monday.

The draft, and the draftees in it, are not what they used to be, as Ty Cobb might say. The bargains are harder to come by, but that the draft has survived at all is remarkable. It began in the late 19th Century and today not much is heard of early contemporaries of the draft such as the Open Door Policy, Tony Pastor's and the battleship *Maine*.

The actual process of drafting entails simply selecting players from a list. Major leaguers pick and minor leaguers yield the contracts of players for a sum fixed by baseball law. The sum varies from \$15,000 for Pacific Coast League draftees to \$2,000 for Class D ball players.

No more than one man may be



AL TODD WAS DRAFT'S BIGGEST ROMANZA

drafted from any one team, and the clubs make their picks in reverse order of the season standings. The leagues alternate first pick annually and on Monday the Kansas City X's, successors to last-place Philadelphia Athletics, will make the opening choice. Then the Pittsburgh Pirates, last in the National League, choose. So it goes until the New York Giants have picked, and then the whole thing starts over again until everyone has made all the choices he wants or all the major league rosters have reached the 40-player limit.

The original idea of the draft resembled the original idea of the hammer lock. In the 19th Century the major leagues forced a draft upon the minor leagues to keep the line clear between major and minor. The theory was to prevent a minor league club

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## BASEBALL'S BEST BARGAINS IN DRAFT

YEAR	PLAYER	DRAFTED BY	FROM	HIGHLIGHTS OF CAREERS AFTER DRAFT
1904	Branch Rickey	Chicago, A.L.	Dallas	Hit .249 over four seasons, became executive, reached top
1911	Jim Bagby Sr.	Cincinnati	Hattiesburg	Won 25 games for Cleveland in 1917, won 129 games in career
1917	Jimmy Dykes	Philadelphia, A.L.	Gettysburg	Spent 15 seasons with A's, played 22 years, managed in 17
1923	Red Lucas	Boston, N.L.	San Antonio	A pitcher, he set record for lifetime pinch hits—107
1925	Hack Wilson	Chicago, N.L.	Toledo	Holds N.L. homer record (56) and baseball R.B.I. mark (190)
1927	Lefty O'Doul	New York, N.L.	San Francisco	Hit .353 over seven seasons, led N.L. in 1929 and in 1932
1931	Al Todd	Philadelphia, N.L.	Dallas	Caught in N.L. for eleven seasons, hit .318 once (see story)
1933	Babe Newsam	St. Louis, A.L.	Los Angeles	In 17 seasons after draft, won 211 games and lost 219
1934	Deba Garma	Boston, N.L.	San Antonio	Sold to Pirates in 1939, led N.L. batters in 1940 with .355
1937	George McQuinn	St. Louis, A.L.	Newark	First baseman led league in fielding four times, hit .276
1938	Hugh Casey	Brooklyn	Memphis	Ace reliever set series record with 6 appearances in 1947
1941	Sal Maglie	New York, N.L.	Buffalo	Clutch pitching are on two pennant winners, has .699 pct.
1942	Nels Potter	St. Louis, A.L.	Louisville	Ace hurler of only Brown pennant winner ever; won 19 in 1944
1944	Ferris Fain	Philadelphia, A.L.	San Francisco	Twice won batting championship, has played in 5 all-star games
1946	Gus Zernial	Cleveland	Atlanta	Has hit 132 home runs, mark sixth among active A.L. players
1950	Harry Dorish	Chicago, A.L.	Toronto	Finished four good seasons as reliever, with 3.07 E.R.A.
1952	Dave Jolly	Boston, N.L.	Kansas City	Became a top relief pitcher last season, winning 11, losing 6



## RECORD BREAKERS

● **Buddy Holloway** of Oakland, Calif. drove *Screaming Eagle* to new world record of 101.373 mph in 135 cubic inch class in Desert Speedboat Regatta on Salton Sea at Oceans, Calif., bettering old mark of 101.254 held by Duane Allen of Baldwin Park, Calif. Other new world records at same regatta: **Tom Caldwell** of San Mateo, Calif. piloted *Blue Blazer* at 80.666 mph in 136 cubic inch class; **Carl Maginn** of Glendale, Calif.

drove *Hot Ice* at 75.388 mph in crackerbox class. ● **Johany Globe**, 7-year-old stallion, established new world pacing record for two miles, covering distance from running start in 4:05 3/5 to win \$18,000 New Zealand Trotting Cup at Christchurch. Old record: 4:06, set by Greyhound. Out of Logan Derby-Sandfast, **Johany Globe** was purchased by Owner Don Nyhan for \$140, now has earnings of \$89,600.

## FOOTBALL

**Ohio State**, ranked second nationally, rolled to 28-6 win over Purdue to move step nearer Big Ten title and Rose Bowl. Long runs by **Bobby Watkins** and **Howard** (Hopalong) **Cassady** highlighted game as Buckeyes stopped Purdue's Len Dawson. **Michigan** overwhelmed Michigan State, 35-7, with four second-half touchdowns to set stage for Saturday's game with unbeaten Ohio State. Win will give Wolverines tie for Big Ten crown and chance at Rose Bowl.

**Oklahoma**, ranked No. 3, battered Missouri, 34-13, to clinch share of Big Seven Conference championship. Third-string Quarterback **Pat O'Neal** pitched two touchdown passes to break scoreless deadlock in second period and Sooners went on to 17th straight victory.

**Notre Dame** used reserves liberally to win over North Carolina, 42-13. **Ralph Guglielmi** played only first half, completed seven of 12 passes for 119 yards and one touchdown.

**Minnesota** edged Iowa, 23-20, in season battle decided by Hawkeye safety on fumbled pitch-out in third quarter. **Bob McNamara** was Gopher offensive star, running back kick-off 89 yards for touchdown and adding another on 36-yard dash.

**Princeton** upset Yale, 21-14, in dramatic finish with **Reyce Flippin**, playing his first game since suffering broken wrist Oct. 19, scoring winning touchdown (his third of game) on two-yard plunge with 16 seconds to play. Down 14-0, fumbling Yale came to life in the last quarter to tie score with less than four minutes to go, but Princeton struck back for winning touchdown.

**Army** warmed up for Navy game by routing Pennsylvania, 35-0, despite absence of ailing Coach **Earl Blaik** and Fullback **Pat Uebel**. **Pete Vann** paved to End **Don Hollender** for two scores and **Tommy Bell** went over twice for Army.

**Navy** piled up a record 629 yards, including 512 along ground, to crush Columbia, 51-6.

**Southern Methodist** beat Arkansas, 21-14, to knock Razorbacks out of unbeaten ranks and Southwest Conference lead. S.M.U.'s **Frank Eldson** scored in each of first three periods, then Mustangs fought off fourth-quarter Arkansas rally.

**Georgia Tech** tore apart Alabama's vaunted defense (best in nation) to win, 20-0, in nationally televised game. **Jimmy Thompson** sparked Tech's speedy attack.

**Southern California** romped over Washington, 41-0, to remain unbeaten in Pacific Coast Conference and sure bet for Rose Bowl. **Aramia Dandoy**'s 95-yard return of opening kick-off paced Southern Cal to 27-point first quarter.

**Detroit Lions** just about wrapped up

Western division title in National Football League with devastating 48-7 rout of crippled San Francisco 49ers. With injured Halfback **Hugh McElhenny** out for season and Quarterback **Y. A. Tittle** constantly rushed by crashing Detroit linemen, 49ers were unable to control **Bobby Layne** and **Don Walker**, who started on attack for Lions, and suffered worst defeat in history.

**New York Giants** flashed best form of season to down Philadelphia Eagles, 27-14, and take over undisputed possession of first place in Eastern division. **Charlie Caserio** threw three touchdown passes while **Eddie Price** and **Frank Gifford** ripped through famed "Sulcliffe Seven" for substantial yardage.

**Cleveland Browns** trounced Chicago Bears, 39-10, to take second place while **Washington Redskins** upset Pittsburgh Steelers, 17-14.

## BASKETBALL

**Fort Wayne Pistons** continued to lead Western division of National Basketball Association, winning two games over week-end. **Minneapolis Lakers** moved up in race while **Philadelphia Warriors** won over New York Knickerbockers to maintain edge in Eastern division.

## BOXING

**Charles Humes** of France knocked out **Tiberio Mitri** of Italy in third round to win European middleweight championship at Milan. Referee stopped bout after Mitri, who won title last May by knocking out **Randy Turpin**, had been floored three times.

**Willie Gray**, sixth-ranking middleweight from New York, won unanimous 10-round decision from Jesse Turner of St. Louis at Kansas City.

**Al Andrews**, 23, rugged Superior, Wis. middleweight, punched out 10-round split

decision over speedy Chico Varona of Havana at Chicago.

**Gene Fallmar**, unbeaten West Jordan, Utah middleweight, made Eastern debut and lived up to nickname of Cyclone to take 10-round decision from Jackie La Bua for 25th straight in Brooklyn, N.Y.

**Ray Robinson**, 34, former welterweight and middleweight champion, announced he will begin comeback with six-round exhibition at Hamilton, Ont. Nov. 29. Sugar Ray retired after collapsing and losing on 14th round TKO to Joey Maxim June 25, 1952 in 100-degree heat at Yankee Stadium.

## GOLF

**Peter Thomson**, British Open champion, shot 282 for 72 holes to beat Australia's **Osge Pickworth** and **Kel Nagel** by six strokes in \$1,360 Ampol tournament at Melbourne. **Dave Douglas** of Newark, Del. was leading U.S. golfer with fourth-place 289.

## HORSE RACING

**Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt's** Social Outcast outran Blearb in stretch to win first money of \$60,000 in \$87,650 Gallant Fox Handicap at Jamaica, N.Y. **Ovie Scurlock**, replacing suspended **Eric Gurrin**, guided 18 to five choice to length-and-a-half victory in 13-furlong run. Co-favorite **Rejected** was disappointing eighth.

**Roman Pauro** finished fast to win by neck over favored Grandpaw in \$53,375 Foremen Stakes at Jamaica. Victory was first this year for Pin Oak Farm.

**Queen Elizabeth** became first reigning monarch to top list of winning race horse-owners in Britain for full season when her stable won \$114,780 for 1954. Next in line: **Robert Sterling Clark** of the U.S. with \$109,320.

**Willie Shoemaker**, leading U.S. jockey with 368 winners, was set down for five days for "careless riding" and "interference," at Golden Gate Fields, Albany, Calif., then announced he would not ride again until Santa Anita opens Dec. 28—unless his lead is threatened.

## HORSE SHOWS

**Mexico** won International Perpetual Challenge Trophy with perfect performance by **Brig. General Humberto Mariles**, Capt. **Joaquin D'Harcourt** and **Lieut. Roberto Vinals** in win-up of National Horse Show in New York's Madison Square Garden. Overall honors went to **Germany** with seven victories, followed by **Mexico** and **Spain** with three each, U.S. with one.

continued on next page

## FOOTBALL'S TOP TEN

(Profile of the Associated Press wire) (all)

Team standings this week, with points figured on a 3-3-3-1-4-5-4-3-2-1 basis (first-place wins a parenthesis)

	Points
1—Ohio State (23)	2,038
2—U.C.L.A. (22)	2,003
3—Oklahoma (22)	1,763
4—Notre Dame (22)	1,222
5—Army	1,147
6—Mississippi (21)	673
7—Navy and Southern California	570
8—Arkansas (21)	533
9—Minnesota	273

Represented: 11. Southern Methodist 270; 12. Michigan 244; 13. Maryland 131; 14. West Virginia 101. A-P 1-51

## POLE

Dr. Clarence C. (Buddy) Combs of Easton-town, N.J., was again ranked at 10 goals for 1954 '55 by Indoor Polo Association of America.

## HOCKEY

Toronto Maple Leafs won sixth straight to move within three points of league-leading Montreal Canadiens, who had similar streak snapped by third-place Detroit Red Wings after losing Goaltender Jacques Plante with cheekbone fracture.

## TRACK AND FIELD

Jim Lambert of Indiana won individual title with 19:39.6 clocking for four miles, but Michigan scored 55 points to dethrone second-place Michigan State and capture its first Big Ten cross-country team championship since 1922, at Chicago.

## TENNIS

Don Candy, lightly regarded Australian, upset Tony Trabert, 4-6, 7-5, 10-12, 6-3, 7-5, in New South Wales championship, at Sydney, leaving Ham Richardson, winner over Australia's Neale Fraser, lone U.S. player in quarter-finals.

## AUTO RACING

Jimmy Bryan, 28, AAA champion from Phoenix, Ariz., averaged 84.82 mph in Dean Van Lines Special to win Silver States 100-mile race, at Las Vegas. His victory gave him 1954 total of 2,630 points for new AAA record.

## RUGBY

Great Britain defeated France, 16-12, in World Cup Rugby League four-team tournament before 38,800 spectators at Paris.

## MILEPOSTS

BORN - To Alire Hauser Hagge, golf pro, and Robert Hagge, a daughter, Heidi, their first child, at Sarasota, Fla.

HONORED - MacDonald Smith, Scottish-born golfer who died in 1949; elected to P.G.A. "Golf Hall of Fame," at Chicago.

DIED - Joe Platak, 45, nine-time winner of National A.A.U. four-wall handball singles championship from 1935 to 1945; of coronary thrombosis, at Montebello, Calif.

DIED - James W. (Jack) Driscoll, 54, former Boston College track star; at Boston. Driscoll set world record of 3:59.4 for 500 yards in 1920, won National Intercollegiate and A.A.U. quarter-mile championships in 1922, was later elected to Track Hall of Fame.

DIED - Billy Haack, 76, boxing promoter and referee, who claimed to have officiated at more than 10,000 fights; of heart ailment, at Memphis.

DIED - Gallant Fox, 27, triple-crown winner in 1930, first of three Kentucky Derby champions sired by Sir Galahad III; at Paris, Ky. Gallant Fox was retired to stud after only two seasons of racing.

## HOW 200 U.S. COLLEGE TEAMS FARED LAST WEEK

<b>EAST</b>	<b>WEST</b>	<b>FAIR WEST</b>
Auburn 21-Wisconsin 54	S. Cal 27-Virginia 9	Calif. 38-Oregon 57
Amherst 25-Pennsylvania 9	S. E. La. 36-McNeese 6	Colo. 30-Oregon 57
Boston C. 7-Brown 24	S.M.U. 21-Arkansas 14	Conn. 21-Iowa 7
Brandeis 52-Buffalo 30	Tampa 38-Virginian 7	Del. 31-Cornell 12
Brown 21-Massachusetts 30	Texas 35-T.C.U. 34	Ill. 31-Michigan 12
Case Western 11-Louisville 12	Texas Tech 55-Tulsa 13	Ind. 14-Northwestern 14
Cornell 50-Dartmouth 21		Iowa 31-Iowa 7
Dartmouth 25-Yale 12		Kent 27-T. Carroll 34
Duke 25-Columbia 12		Marquette 15-Wisconsin 13
Georgetown 27-W. Va. 6		Michigan 22-Iowa 7
Harvard 11-Brown 6		Minnesota 22-Iowa 7
Harvard 11-Brown 6		Missouri 22-Iowa 7
Harvard 11-Brown 6		Nebraska 22-Iowa 7
Harvard 11-Brown 6		North Carolina 22-Iowa 7
Harvard 11-Brown 6		Ohio 22-Iowa 7
Harvard 11-Brown 6		Oklahoma 22-Iowa 7
Harvard 11-Brown 6		Penn. 22-Iowa 7
Harvard 11-Brown 6		Rice 22-Iowa 7
Harvard 11-Brown 6		Stanford 22-Iowa 7
Harvard 11-Brown 6		Texas 22-Iowa 7
Harvard 11-Brown 6		Texas Tech 22-Iowa 7
Harvard 11-Brown 6		Tulsa 22-Iowa 7
Harvard 11-Brown 6		UCLA 22-Iowa 7
Harvard 11-Brown 6		UConn 22-Iowa 7
Harvard 11-Brown 6		USC 22-Iowa 7
Harvard 11-Brown 6		Utah 22-Iowa 7
Harvard 11-Brown 6		Utah State 22-Iowa 7
Harvard 11-Brown 6		Washington 22-Iowa 7
Harvard 11-Brown 6		Washington State 22-Iowa 7
Harvard 11-Brown 6		West Virginia 22-Iowa 7
Harvard 11-Brown 6		Wisconsin 22-Iowa 7
Harvard 11-Brown 6		Yale 22-Iowa 7

## (Professionals)

## NATIONAL FOOTBALL LEAGUE

EASTERN DIVISION		WESTERN DIVISION	
1. New York	Philadelphia	3. Philadelphia	New York
W 16 L 2 T 0	27-14	W 13 L 3 T 0	14-27
Pts. 750		Pts. 625	
2. Cleveland	Chicago Bears	4. Pittsburgh	Washington
W 15 L 1 T 0	29-10	W 4 L 4 T 0	14-17
Pts. 734		Pts. 560	
3. Detroit	San Francisco	5. Los Angeles	Chicago Cardinals
W 8 L 3 T 0	48-7	W 4 L 5 T 0	30-19
Pts. 557		Pts. 521	
4. San Francisco	Detroit	6. Cleveland	Pittsburgh
W 8 L 3 T 1	7-48	W 4 L 4 T 0	10-19
Pts. 571		Pts. 560	

## OTHER RESULTS FOR THE RECORD

**AUTO RACING**  
**JOHNNY STRAIN** Phoenix Ariz. 350-m. AAA Embassy 68  
 Memorial 60-car race on 1/20 34.54, Phoenix

**BASKETBALL**

Natl. Basketball Assn.  
 Eastern Division

1. Philadelphia	W 10 L 0	97-96	Pts. 1,000
2. New York	W 10 L 0	97-76	95-92
3. Boston	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
4. Syracuse	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
5. New York	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
6. Boston	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
7. Philadelphia	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
8. Syracuse	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
9. New York	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
10. Boston	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
11. Philadelphia	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
12. Syracuse	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
13. New York	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
14. Boston	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
15. Philadelphia	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
16. Syracuse	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
17. New York	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
18. Boston	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
19. Philadelphia	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
20. Syracuse	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
21. New York	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
22. Boston	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
23. Philadelphia	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
24. Syracuse	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
25. New York	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
26. Boston	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
27. Philadelphia	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
28. Syracuse	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
29. New York	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
30. Boston	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
31. Philadelphia	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
32. Syracuse	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
33. New York	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
34. Boston	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
35. Philadelphia	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
36. Syracuse	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
37. New York	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
38. Boston	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
39. Philadelphia	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
40. Syracuse	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
41. New York	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
42. Boston	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
43. Philadelphia	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
44. Syracuse	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
45. New York	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
46. Boston	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
47. Philadelphia	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
48. Syracuse	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
49. New York	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
50. Boston	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
51. Philadelphia	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
52. Syracuse	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
53. New York	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
54. Boston	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
55. Philadelphia	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
56. Syracuse	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
57. New York	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
58. Boston	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
59. Philadelphia	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
60. Syracuse	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
61. New York	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
62. Boston	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
63. Philadelphia	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
64. Syracuse	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
65. New York	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
66. Boston	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
67. Philadelphia	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
68. Syracuse	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
69. New York	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
70. Boston	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
71. Philadelphia	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
72. Syracuse	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
73. New York	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
74. Boston	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
75. Philadelphia	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
76. Syracuse	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
77. New York	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
78. Boston	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
79. Philadelphia	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
80. Syracuse	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
81. New York	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
82. Boston	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
83. Philadelphia	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
84. Syracuse	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
85. New York	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
86. Boston	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
87. Philadelphia	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
88. Syracuse	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
89. New York	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
90. Boston	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
91. Philadelphia	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
92. Syracuse	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
93. New York	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
94. Boston	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
95. Philadelphia	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
96. Syracuse	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
97. New York	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
98. Boston	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
99. Philadelphia	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92
100. Syracuse	W 10 L 0	97-92	95-92

**FOOTBALL**  
 Edmonton 10-Winnipeg 5 Hamilton 15-Toronto 7  
 Ottawa 14-Montreal 12

**HARVEST BASKETBALL**  
 BED SALES \$30,275 Golden West Penn. 114-m. by 2  
 10-11-14-17-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100

**HOCKEY**

Natl. Hockey League

1. Montreal	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
2. Toronto	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
3. Boston	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
4. New York	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
5. Philadelphia	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
6. Pittsburgh	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
7. Detroit	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
8. Chicago	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
9. St. Louis	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
10. Minnesota	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
11. Washington	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
12. New York	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
13. Philadelphia	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
14. Pittsburgh	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
15. Detroit	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
16. Chicago	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
17. St. Louis	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
18. Minnesota	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
19. Washington	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
20. New York	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
21. Philadelphia	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
22. Pittsburgh	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
23. Detroit	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
24. Chicago	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
25. St. Louis	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
26. Minnesota	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
27. Washington	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
28. New York	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
29. Philadelphia	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
30. Pittsburgh	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
31. Detroit	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
32. Chicago	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
33. St. Louis	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
34. Minnesota	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
35. Washington	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
36. New York	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
37. Philadelphia	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
38. Pittsburgh	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
39. Detroit	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
40. Chicago	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
41. St. Louis	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
42. Minnesota	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
43. Washington	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
44. New York	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
45. Philadelphia	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
46. Pittsburgh	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
47. Detroit	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
48. Chicago	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
49. St. Louis	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
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52. New York	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
53. Philadelphia	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
54. Pittsburgh	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
55. Detroit	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
56. Chicago	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
57. St. Louis	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
58. Minnesota	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
59. Washington	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
60. New York	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
61. Philadelphia	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
62. Pittsburgh	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
63. Detroit	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
64. Chicago	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
65. St. Louis	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
66. Minnesota	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
67. Washington	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
68. New York	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
69. Philadelphia	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
70. Pittsburgh	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
71. Detroit	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
72. Chicago	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
73. St. Louis	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
74. Minnesota	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
75. Washington	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
76. New York	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
77. Philadelphia	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
78. Pittsburgh	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
79. Detroit	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
80. Chicago	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
81. St. Louis	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
82. Minnesota	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
83. Washington	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
84. New York	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
85. Philadelphia	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
86. Pittsburgh	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
87. Detroit	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
88. Chicago	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
89. St. Louis	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
90. Minnesota	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
91. Washington	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
92. New York	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
93. Philadelphia	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
94. Pittsburgh	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
95. Detroit	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
96. Chicago	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
97. St. Louis	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
98. Minnesota	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
99. Washington	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1
100. New York	W 10 L 1	1-1	1-1

**HORSE RACING**  
 PRUD' HOMME \$40,145 Windsor Stakes, 1 1/4 m. by 2  
 10-11-14-17-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100

**BOWLING**  
 BOB SATTERFIELD, 1-1000 KO over Johnny Thomas  
 10-11-14-17-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100

**BASEBALL**  
 BIG DODGERS 10-0 over Angels Series 1-4, 6-3 10-12  
 10-11-14-17-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100

# COMING EVENTS

● TV ● NETWORK RADIO: ALL TIMES ARE E.S.T. EXCEPT WHEN OTHERWISE NOTED

## November 19 through 25

### FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 19

#### Auto Racing

Pan-Amracing 1,910 m. race begins, Tuxedo, Guatuzas, Mexico.

#### Baseball

Baltimore Bullets vs. Ft. Wayne Pistons, Baltimore, 8:30 p.m.

#### Boxing

Floyd Patterson vs. Jimmy Slade, light heavyweights, Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC).

#### Football

Miami vs. Alabama, Miami, Fla. (N).

### SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20

#### Baseball

Milwaukee Hawks vs. Baltimore Bullets, Milwaukee, 8:30 p.m. C.S.T.  
N.Y. Knicks vs. Boston Celtics, New York, 9 p.m.  
Philadelphia Warriors vs. Ft. Wayne Pistons, Philadelphia, 9:10 p.m.  
● Rochester Royals vs. Syracuse Nationals, Rochester, 9:30 p.m. (NBC).

#### Boxing

● Arthur Perley vs. Wallace (Bud) Smith, lightweights, Bay Front Auditorium, Miami (10 rds.), 9 p.m. (ABC).

#### Football

(Leading college games)

##### EAST

Columbia vs. Rutgers, New York  
Delaware vs. Bucknell, Newark, Del.  
Fordham vs. Syracuse, New York  
Harvard vs. Yale, Cambridge, Mass.  
Holy Cross vs. Connecticut, Worcester, Mass.  
Lafayette vs. Lehigh, Easton, Pa.  
Pittsburgh vs. Penn State, Pittsburgh  
Princeton vs. Dartmouth, Princeton, N.J.  
Temple vs. Boston U., Philadelphia  
W. Virginia vs. N. Carolina State, Morgantown, W. Va.

##### SOUTH & SOUTHWEST

Auburn vs. Clemson, Auburn, Ala.  
Duke vs. S. Carolina, Durham, N.C.  
I.S.U. vs. Arkansas, Shreveport, La.  
Maryland vs. Geo. Washington, College Park, Md.  
Rice vs. T.C.U., Houston, Tex.  
● S.M.U. vs. Baylor, Dallas, Tex., 2:45 p.m. (NBC)  
Tennessee vs. Kentucky, Knoxville, Tenn.  
Texas Tech vs. Houston, Lubbock, Tex.  
Vanderbilt vs. Villanova, Nashville, Tenn.  
Virginia vs. N. Carolina, Charlottesville, Va.  
Wm. & Mary vs. Wake Forest, Williamsburg, Va.

##### WEST

Illinois vs. Northwestern, Champaign, Ill.  
● Iowa vs. Notre Dame, Iowa City, Ia., 2:15 p.m. (ABC, Mutual)  
Michigan State vs. Marquette, E. Lansing, Mich.  
Missouri vs. Kansas, Columbia, Mo.  
● Ohio State vs. Michigan, Columbus, O., 1:25 p.m. (ABC) Men to watch: Ohio State's Howard (Hopalong) Cassidy (40) and Michigan's Don Clune (44).  
Ole Miss vs. Marshall, Athens, O.  
Oklahoma vs. Nebraska, Norman, Okla.  
Purdue vs. Indiana, Lafayette, Ind.  
Tulsa vs. Wyoming, Tulsa, Okla.  
Wichita vs. Detroit, Wichita, Kan. (N)  
Wisconsin vs. Minnesota, Madison, Wis.

##### FAR WEST

Arizona vs. Arizona State (Tempe), Tucson, Ariz.  
California vs. Stanford, Berkeley, Calif.  
Colorado vs. Kansas State, Boulder, Colo.  
Idaho vs. Brigham Young, Reno, Idaho  
Montana vs. Utah, Missoula, Mont.  
Oregon State vs. Oregon, Corvallis, Ore.  
S. California vs. U.C.L.A., Los Angeles  
Washington State vs. Washington, Pullman, Wash.

#### (Professionals)

● Pittsburgh Steelers vs. San Francisco 49ers, Pittsburgh, 8 p.m. (Du Mont)  
● Montreal Alouettes vs. Hamilton Tiger-Cats (play-off game) Montreal, 1:45 p.m. (NBC).

#### Hockey

Natl. Hockey League  
Detroit Red Wings vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Detroit  
Montreal Canadiens vs. N.Y. Rangers, Montreal  
Toronto Maple Leafs vs. Boston Bruins, Toronto  
American Hockey League  
Cleveland Barons vs. Pittsburgh Hornets, Cleveland  
Hartford Bears vs. Buffalo Bisons, Hartford, Pa.  
Springfield Indians vs. Providence Reds, Springfield, Mass.

#### Horse Racing

Primo Special, \$50,000, 1 1/16 m., 3-yr.-olds, Pimlico, Md.

#### Winter Sports

Intl. Winter Sports Show, Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y.

### SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 21

#### Baseball

Ft. Wayne Pistons vs. Rochester Royals, Ft. Wayne, Ind., 8:30 p.m. C.S.T.  
Minneapolis Lakers vs. Baltimore Bullets, Minneapolis, 2 p.m. C.S.T.  
Syracuse Nationals vs. Boston Celtics, Syracuse, N.Y., 8:30 p.m.

#### Football

Baltimore Colts vs. Chicago Bears, Baltimore  
● Cleveland Browns vs. Philadelphia Eagles, Cleveland, 2 p.m. (Du Mont)  
Green Bay Packers vs. Detroit Lions, Milwaukee  
● N.Y. Giants vs. Los Angeles Rams, New York, 2 p.m. (Du Mont)  
● Chicago Cardinals vs. Washington Redskins, Chicago, 2 p.m. (ABC).

#### Hockey

Natl. Hockey League  
Boston Bruins vs. Montreal Canadiens, Boston  
Chicago Black Hawks vs. Detroit Red Wings, Chicago  
N.Y. Rangers vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, New York  
American Hockey League  
Providence Reds vs. Buffalo Bisons, Providence, R.I.

#### Horse Racing

Grand Intl., \$104,625, 3,000 meters, 3-yr.-olds up, San Isidro, Buenos Aires.

#### Selling

Turkey Day Ragatta, Alamitos Bay, Los Angeles.

### MONDAY, NOVEMBER 22

#### Boxing

● Boardwalk Billy Smith vs. Archie McRide, light heavyweights, St. Nick's, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (Du Mont)  
● Tad Dila vs. Billy McNeese, middleweights, Eastman Pitway, Brooklyn, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (ABC).

### TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 23

#### Boxing

Georgio Arango vs. Tommy Tibbs, lightweights, Boston Arena (10 rds.).  
Crucis Andrade vs. George Mathews, lightweights, San Jose, Calif. (10 rds.).

#### Hockey

Chicago Black Hawks vs. Montreal Canadiens, St. Louis.

\*See local TV listing

### WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 24

#### Baseball

Boston Celtics vs. N.Y. Knicks, Boston, 8:30 p.m.  
Milwaukee Hawks vs. Rochester Royals, Milwaukee, 8:30 p.m. C.S.T.  
Philadelphia Warriors vs. Ft. Wayne Pistons, Hershey, Pa., 8:30 p.m.

#### Boxing

● Joey Maxim vs. Paul Andrews, light heavyweights, Chicago Stadium (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (CBS).

#### Hockey

Natl. Hockey League  
N.Y. Rangers vs. Boston Bruins, New York  
Cleveland Barons vs. Hershey Bears, Cleveland  
Springfield Indians vs. Buffalo Bisons, Springfield, Mass.

#### Rugby

New Zealand vs. Australia, Long Beach, Calif.

### THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 25

#### Baseball

Ft. Wayne Pistons vs. Baltimore Bullets, Ft. Wayne, Ind., 8:30 p.m. C.S.T.  
Minneapolis Lakers vs. Rochester Royals, Minneapolis, 8:30 p.m. C.S.T.  
Philadelphia Warriors vs. Boston Celtics, Philadelphia, 9:10 p.m.  
Syracuse Nationals vs. Milwaukee Hawks, Syracuse, N.Y., 8:30 p.m.

#### Boxing

Yoshio Shirai vs. Pascual Perez, for flyweight title, Korakuen Stadium, Tokyo (15 rds.).

#### Field Hockey

U.S. Nat'l. championship tournaments, Ann Arbor, Mich.

#### Football

(Leading college games)

Brown vs. Colgate, Providence, R.I.  
Chattanooga vs. Dayton, Chattanooga, Tenn.  
Cincinnati vs. Miami (O.), Cincinnati  
Drexel vs. Colorado A. & M., Danvers  
Howard vs. Lincoln, Washington, D.C.  
● Maryland vs. Missouri, College Park, Md., 1:55 p.m. (ABC). Men to watch: Maryland's Ronnie Waller (31) and Missouri's Bob Boush (35)  
● Pennsylvania vs. Cornell, Philadelphia, 1:45 p.m. (ABC)  
Richmond vs. Wm. & Mary, Richmond, Va.  
Texas vs. Texas A. & M., Austin, Tex.  
Virginia Tech vs. V.M.I., Roanoke, Va.  
Virginia State vs. Morgan State, Patahsburg, Va. (Professional)

● Detroit Lions vs. Green Bay Packers, Detroit, 12 ● noon (Du Mont TV, Mutual radio).

#### Hockey

Natl. Hockey League  
Boston Bruins vs. N.Y. Rangers, Boston  
Chicago Black Hawks vs. Montreal Canadiens, Chicago  
Detroit Red Wings vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Detroit  
American Hockey League  
Buffalo Bisons vs. Cleveland Barons, Buffalo  
Hartford Bears vs. Pittsburgh Hornets, Hartford, Pa.  
Providence Reds vs. Springfield Indians, Providence, R.I.

#### Horse Racing

Endurance Gold Cup, \$15,000, 1 1/16 m., 2-yr.-olds, Bowie, Md.

#### Tennis

Victorian championships, Melbourne. U.S. stars entered.

U.S. TA sr., jr. & boys championships, St. Louis.

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PAIN of HEADACHE  
NEURALGIA  
NEURITIS**

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RELIEF** with 

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Hurting You?  
**Immediate Relief!**



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AERO SHAVE**  
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- Contains Soothing Lanolin

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**AERO SHAVE Lather Bomb**  
In both 6 oz. and economical 12 oz. King Size

**GLVE**



**THE UNITED WAY  
A FAMILY AFFAIR**  
Mother and Father, Brother and Sister... everybody benefits when everybody gives the united way.

from keeping good young ball players until they had become great young ball players and given, say, East Walla Walla a "minor league" team of major league caliber.

The theory proved practical and the draft was a pillar of baseball's complex structure until Branch Rickey, perhaps the most practical man in baseball history, hit upon something that replaced the old pillar with a new one. Rickey took thought one night and invented the farm system.

Today nearly every minor league team works with a major league team. Some are owned outright; others are tied to big brother by working agreements. Most of the standout players in the majors today are products of the farm system. When Rickey built the great St. Louis Cardinal teams of the 1930s, he built them with farm products. Dizzy Dean was one. Joe Medwick was another. A trend was established and current major leaguers from Stan Musial to Willie Mays are up from the farms.

On their way up, promising young players are protected from the free-for-all of the draft by a thoughtful network of contract options. A player on a major league roster can be optioned to a minor league team three times and remain immune to draft. The best youngsters are almost always covered by these options. Nonetheless, bargains are occasionally found in the yearly draft. Oversights, mistakes and sheer luck all work to produce surprises. No baseball man will take the draft lightly on Monday.

Considered strictly as an investment, it is doubtful if anything short

of a uranium strike ever exceeded the return the Philadelphia Phils got for \$7,500 in the 1931 draft.

The Phils made their investment when they tapped Al Todd, a catcher, from Dallas. Todd played with the Phils for four seasons, hit .318 once and was traded to the Pittsburgh Pirates for two players...

One of the two ex-Pirates, Pitcher Claude Passenu, stayed with the Phils for four years and was traded to the Chicago Cubs for an unannounced sum of cash and three more players...

One of the three ex-Cubs, Pitcher Kirby Higbe, was traded to the Brooklyn Dodgers for another three players and an announced \$100,000...

One of the three ex-Dodgers, Catcher Mickey Livingstone, was traded to the Cubs for Pitcher Bill Lee...

Lee was sold in 1945 for \$7,500 and the Phils had their original investment back. They also had a great deal more.

Returns on the \$7,500 draft of Todd totaled use of ten players for periods up to four years each, plus an unannounced sum plus \$100,000.

It isn't likely that a capital gain like Todd will be drafted Monday. Nor is it likely that an organization will slip as the New York Giants once did and allow a name like Hack Wilson to appear on the list. Wilson, drafted by the Cubs in 1925 after the Giants thought they had him safely hidden, hit 56 home runs five seasons later.

Yet on the 1954 list there may be someone who doesn't belong, who's too good, who should have been covered up but wasn't. It's a long list. Between now and Monday lights will burn late in major league offices.



"You think you're God or something?"

## SPORTING LOOK

# FRANK MERRIWELL SWEATERS

The heavy knit sweaters worn by football heroes in the '20s are back in many colorful guises

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RONNY JAGURS

**H**EAVY knit sweaters, football favorites of the '20s and still beloved by cheerleaders today are all over the sporting scene this fall. When a hand-knit one in a checkerboard pattern was pictured in *SI*, Sept. 6 a whole college fraternity wanted to buy others like it. Women are wearing white hand-knit sweaters with fancy patterns to dog trials, in open sports cars. The original Frank Merriwell, roll-collar coat sweater, first hand-knit by the Shakers of Pennsylvania, was called a "Shaker." A search for the old Shaker revealed one company still making it. There were also a raft of new heavy knits from six countries (*next page*), among them cardigans from France and Austria and an English yachting sweater called the "Pig's Whisker." Many are from Europe, in the newly popular cardigan which European skiers now wear with their brightly colored ski pants. Most of the imported sweaters are found only in metropolitan department stores and sports shops. But the demand for them has grown so much this fall that they'll soon be available in American versions in stores everywhere.



**TURTLE-NECK** sweaters have long been popular with sportsmen who like their clean lines, and warmth at the throat. This new ribbed one is by Munroe of Scotland, imported by Abercrombie & Fitch, N.Y., \$25.



**HEAVYWEIGHT SWEATERS.** Top row, left to right: Gaucho-collar sweater in ribbed stripe (Italy) at Sig Buchmayr's Ski Shop, \$29.95; fancy-knit cardigan of water-repellent unwashed wool (Austria), Buchmayr, \$29.95; zippered cardigan with contrast collar (Switzerland), Abercrombie & Fitch, \$26.50. Center row: Yellow "Pig's Whisker" yachting sweater by Allen Solly

(England), Saks Fifth Avenue, \$25; black V-neck sweater with inset turtle neck (France), Dominique France, \$48; blue cable-knit (Switzerland), Norse House, \$26.50. Bottom row: cobalt cardigan (France), Dominique France, \$60; red turtle-neck classic (see previous page), Frank Merriwell-type Shaker coat sweater (U.S.A.), Alex Taylor, \$24.

The children's city at Mooseheart was founded in 1913. Johnny arrived from Bismarck, N.D. at 11 on the morning of June 26, 1914. According to the records, at noon he was in a fight; at 2 he was caught trying to sneak off the campus; and at 3 he was wrestling a punitive shovel to work off his excess energy. That fall he became the 128-pound quarterback of Mooseheart's first football team (he has since swollen to 143 pounds), and he was eventually named captain of the 1916 team.

After graduation he clerked in the campus grocery store until 1923, when he was named coach of the third team. Since he had only played in high school, he was forced to teach himself advanced football in order to conduct an adequate seminar for the scrubs. Then, in 1935, he took over the varsity and brought to it the system he now calls "the confused T, with an unbalanced coach in motion."

#### ELEVEN GREASED PIGS

Ken Zimmerman, coach of the West Aurora (Ill.) High team, says the only confusion in Johnny's system is that created in the opposition. When he was a physical education student at the University of Illinois, he recalls, he was given an assignment to turn in a chart and a scouting report of a game the Red Ramblers were playing against Champaign High School. On Monday, Zimmerman says, he faced his instructor with empty hands and the question, "How the devil do you chart 11 greased pigs?"

This year's annual "pigskin previews" made much of the fact that the multiple offense would be the distinguishing characteristic of college football in 1954. Some schools, like the University of Washington, it was said, would even feature as many as six different offensive formations. Johnny's only reaction was the obviously insincere comment: "Amazing! Think of those college boys learnin' all that!"

For 20 years the Red Ramblers have been running a bewildering repertoire of 150 plays off nine different offensive formations. Furthermore, they run from the single wing, T, double wing, split T, short punt, full spread, winged T and two semispreads without ever bothering to go into a time-consuming huddle. Johnny's quarterbacks still call signals, with a speed calculated to keep the opposition always a fraction off balance. Referees, accustomed to the 25-second interval allowed for the huddle, have to be warned to keep out of the Ramblers' path. Occasionally, a



**AN ORPHAN HIMSELF.** Coach Williams shows picture of wife, Eleanor, and 13 of their 15 children to fellow alumnus Nick Kerasiotis, who once played with Chicago Bears.

sluggish, huddle-habituated official will persist in getting in the team's way. But the Ramblers even have a play for handling this situation. The fullback eases him out of the play.

The team is also well equipped with defensive formations. It uses the 7-diamond, 5-3-2-1, 6-2-3-1, 7-2-2, 5-3-2 and 4-4-2-1, as the occasion requires, and can set up special defensive patterns with veteran ease when it encounters, say, an off-beat spread. Primarily, however, the team's defensive strength stems from the highly unorthodox play of its forward wall. Since Johnny's linemen seldom have the weight to bulldoze the opposition, he has had to devise a technique for line play built on skill, speed and deception. None of his linemen ever use the conventional four-point stance. Instead, he teaches them a semicrouch that enables them to keep in constant motion, like men with the itch; they can always see what is taking place in their opponent's backfield; and they can lay their hands on the opposition's charging line from any and every angle, giving them the jump when they go after the ball carrier.

#### NOTRE DAME TYPE

The speed and deception of the Rambler offense, born of necessity because of the team's scant poundage, has earned it the title, "the Notre Dame of high schools." Appropriately, Knute Rockne was a Rambler fan and occasionally presented the team with Notre Dame's discarded green game jerseys. These jerseys were good

for morale, but hardly practical, since there was a slight disparity in the size of the two teams.

The secret of Mooseheart football lies in the fact that the elementary, junior high and high schools all lie on the same football-mad campus. Mooseheart boys play organized football for four years before they become eligible for the varsity, and for the last three of those years they play a full schedule with other junior high teams in the area. When they finally report to Johnny they have been thoroughly schooled in his intricate system and have had actual game experience in running about half his plays, off five of his formations.

#### UP FROM THE RANKS

Potential quarterbacks come under his personal tutelage in the sixth grade, when he screens the 11- and 12-year-old squad, presents likely prospects with his mimeographed "Quarterback's Manual" and tells them, "Here thinking football is as important as playing football. The team doesn't exist we can outpush, so we got to outfox 'em. And that's the quarterback's job."

Peter Joe Baines, 15-year-old, 95-pound signal-caller of this year's freshman team, says "Johnny's been buzzin' around ever since I was 12. Yesterday I went to the dressing room on an errand and before I could get away he made me name the zones of the field and answer half a dozen tactical situations." Johnny thinks highly of Peter Joe who, when he led his team against a DeKalb freshman team that had gone

*continued on next page*



**HAPPY ROOTERS** Sandra and Nancy Ross (in white) cheer Mooseheart advance.

#### **MOOSEHEART** *continued from page 77*

unbeaten in 18 games, even faked the referee out of one play. He hootlegged the ball around end for 20 yards and a touchdown while the official was blowing the whistle on a halfback who had fainted into the line. When the play was called back and ordered rerun, Peter Joe wasn't the least nonplused. He just sent three men into the flat, against an overshifted DeKalb defense, passed and got his touchdown back.

The greatest virtue of the Mooseheart build-up system, in Johnny's eyes, lies in the fact that "it makes

players that ain't," and partly compensates for his persistent lack of manpower. "If a kid has guts he doesn't have to have native ability," the coach claims. "In five years we'll teach him enough fundamentals and position-play so that he can count on seeing variety action his sixth. Understand, though, I got nothing against native ability."

This is one of those seasons when the little coach has more players that ain't than players that are. Ten of last year's starting 11 graduated, and then, this September, three linemen were declared ineligible and a halfback was lost because of a knee operation. Johnny says if people had any sense of propriety they'd be wearing mourning for him. "I'm dead this year," he moans.

Coming up to their Homecoming game, October 9th, the Ramblers had lost two out of three. Their opponent for the big game was Schlarman High School of Danville, Ill. According to the scouting reports, Schlarman could move both on the ground and in the air and outweighed the Ramblers 19 pounds per man in the line and 15 a man in the backfield.

Johnny is used to being under pressure—the Loyal Order of Moose is not unaware of the publicity and promotional value of a winning team—but each year, because of his deep emotional involvement in Mooseheart, he builds up a personal, nerve-racking head

of steam of his own just before the Homecoming game. It's the one game he feels he has to win.

Johnny knew he didn't have a chance unless he could get the team "up." At Thursday evening's practice session he suddenly exploded in anger and, after a brilliant display of verbal pyrotechnics, stalked off the field, shouting, "O.K., you guys know it all. You don't need me. I'm through. Figure it out for yourselves."

#### **CALCULATED FURY**

He didn't explode until 5:25, just five minutes before practice was scheduled to end. Close students of the Williams system say the blast generally doesn't occur before 5:27. They are also struck by the fact that Johnny never raises his voice more than once or twice a year, and then only in the months of October and November. His moments of wrath, too, seem to coincide with critical games on his schedule.

The little coach was back on Friday, but he didn't have much to say and let his assistant coaches handle the workout. On Saturday, the silence in the dressing room was almost oppressive. Not a word was spoken by anyone—players, coaches or managers—until the last shoelace was tied. Then Johnny, after briefly outlining the day's strategy, spoke quietly of the numbers some of the players were wearing and of the grade in the stands who had previously worn them. Finally, he read a tel-



**A PLEA FOR VICTORY** against Muscatine (down) High is voiced by grim-faced Coach Williams in a Rockwell-like pregame

talk. This was his worst team in 13 years, coach told players, but "Muscatine hasn't won many either, so go out and win!"



ogram which said: GOOD LUCK TO YOU AND THE RED RAMBLERS, JOHNNY. ALL SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA MOOSEHEART GRADS HAVE GATHERED FOR A HOME-COMING PARTY AT GLENDALE. PLEASE WIRE RESULTS OF GAME IMMEDIATELY.

Then he said, "Well, it's that time now. How about it, you ready?" For the first time since they had entered the dressing room the players broke silence, shouting in unison. Johnny grinned, "You're a good bunch—if you'll only remember brains make the difference between chumps and champs."

#### SPEED THAT KILLS

The final score was Mooseheart 21, Schlarman 7. Donnie Long, a 170-pound half, intercepted a lateral and went 65 yards for a touchdown. In the second period, his brother, Quarterback Ronnie Long, catching Schlarman in a 5-4-2 defensive pattern, went into a single wing, sent three men down on Schlarman's deep two and passed for 26. Before Schlarman could analyze the pass the Ramblers were lined up again. Same signal. Same play—and this time Long passed 26 yards for a touchdown to Art Cobb, a 140-pound half wearing the same number that four of his brothers had previously worn.

Later, Ken Wuchte, a 130-pound guard and a member of the largest family of orphans ever to arrive at

Mooseheart, 11 strong, broke through and so rushed Schlarman's kicker behind his own goal line that the kick only carried out to the Schlarman ten. At which point Johnny muttered, reverently, "The layin' on of the hands—that makes linemen, not pounds."

Mooseheart took over the ball. Long again went into a single wing, and Schlarman's right tackle overshifted half a pace. Long, who likes the wide open spaces, checked his signal and in two plays drove his halfbacks through the opening for the third touchdown.

#### WHEN A COACH DIES

After that, the Ramblers kept the game under control, except for a brief period when Schlarman went 58 yards for a touchdown in three plays, using a screen pass the Mooseheart secondary had a little trouble fathoming. Schlarman ground out a lot of yardage in the second half—except where it counted—and the light Mooseheart team took a pounding. But no time-out was ever called for a Rambler injury. As a matter of fact, the Ramblers never even asked for their waterboy, while the Schlarman players, feeling the 73° heat, kept theirs in constant motion. The only Mooseheart casualties were Johnny's new hat, which spent more time in his hands than on his head, and the turf on which he knelt. In his nervous state, he pukes and eats about a peck of grass during a game.

When the Mooseheart Victory Bell



**SNAPPY CORPS** of drummers, bagpipers, parades down field with military precision.

began its tolling at the game's end, the old grads poured out of the stands to congratulate Johnny and his team. And one man said, "You're still the best high school coach in the country, for my money. I don't understand why someone hasn't stolen you from us." Williams gave him his pat answer. "I like the kids," he said. There can be no doubt about his love of kids, since he has fifteen of his own, who, so far, have presented him with 16 grandchildren. (However, as he points out, they've just begun to get into full production.) But, of course, the true reason he hasn't left is that Mooseheart, in a real sense, is still home to Johnny.



**A PRESENT FOR THE COACH** is delivered by Fullback Maurice Sargent, shown crossing goal for first Mooseheart score.

The orphans in white crushed Muscatine 48-13 in Illinois Memorial Stadium before crowd of 2,000 that included many alums.

## RETINED TO CROSBY FIELD

Sirs:  
Note: publication (SI, Nov. 1) of F.P.A.'s lines on Tucker to Evers to Chance prompted the following verified rejoinder from a retired English professor who is an ardent supporter of the Cincinnati Redlegs:

DOUBLE-PLAY THUNDERBOLT 1954  
Red-stockinging trio that base runners fear,  
Temple, McMillan and Klu;  
Heading the list in a pace-setting year,  
Temple, McMillan and Klu.  
When their spectacular plays appear,  
Mike salesmen fail to remember their  
beer—  
Frenzied fans spring to their feet as they  
cheer

Temple, McMillan and Klu.

CLYDE W. PARK

Cincinnati

## A LITTLE

Sirs:  
Although admittedly cheating a little, I am rising to the challenge issued in SI's Nov. 1st issue:

McMillan to Temple to Klusnewski,  
40 times in one year got out twice,  
No old-time crew  
Ever dared hope to do  
So much to so many with so fewski,  
HUGH M. BURN

Elmhurst, N.Y.

## SMALL CONSOLATION

Sirs:  
The following, herewith, in response to your challenge in SI's Nov. 1 edition on "Tinker to Evers to Oops":

On that trio of Redlegs  
You can risk a shilling,  
When it comes to making  
The 6-4-3 twin-killing.  
What makes Reds' fans  
Double too kluski?  
Why, McMillan to Temple  
To Teddy Klusnewski.  
(At least they're from Ohio.)

S. S. FRIEDMAN

Cleveland

## GOOD NEWS!

Sirs:  
In reply to F.P.A.'s legend:  
Last year with forty sure-fire  
double killings,  
McMillan to Temple to Klusnewski.  
The Redlegs were fifth when the league  
posted billings,  
McMillan and Temple and Klusnewski.  
But with the DP the Reds loseki,  
So next year they'll make newski—  
The double play they are ditching,  
And who will be pitching???

McMillan and Temple and Klusnewski.

JIM TROXELL

Cincinnati

## EXCUSE IT

Sirs:  
Taking up the challenge offered in SI's SOUNDTRACK, I herewith offer my contribution:

## NEW BASEBALL'S SAD LEXICON

This is the worst of all climates:  
"Mac to Temple to Klu."  
A trio of Reds and sure than taxes  
Are Mac and Temple and Klu.

Mechanically stealing those drives with  
saves;  
Hitting homers, too.  
They stymied the drive of those won-  
derful Braves:  
Mac and Temple and Klu.

Well, at any rate, I've been wanting a  
good excuse to write and tell you what an  
outstanding contribution SI has been mak-  
ing to the world of sport. Orchids on your  
complete coverage, your fearless stands (article  
on boxing was simply!!!!), and your  
beautiful layout. Always proud to see SI  
in my mailbox. Keep it up!

JOHN MOORE

Dallas

## TODAY'S OPPORTUNITIES

Sirs:  
As a subscriber to your new and inter-  
esting magazine, I feel I have the right to  
criticize an article in SI, Nov. 1, belittling  
the Tucker to Evers to Chance double-  
play combination.

As an old baseball fan and a friend of the  
late Johnny Evers, I wish to point out the  
impact the lively ball has had on baseball.  
Managers of today are forced to play an  
entirely different game than the manager of  
Chance's time. Back in those days the old  
dead ball resulted in scores of 1 to 0, 2 to 1,  
etc. Today, with the lively ball, the scores  
are more apt to read 10 to 8, 14 to 4, etc.  
Thus, today's teams have many more op-  
portunities to make double plays . . .

ART KILMARTIN

Albany, N.Y.

## SAD, SAD LEXICON

Sirs:  
In SOUNDTRACK you made mention of  
F.P.A.'s widely forgotten *Baseball's Sad  
Lexicon*. But alas! how prophetic!

That fabled infield of the old Cubs con-  
sisted of four ballplayers—Harry Steinfield,  
the third baseman; small Johnny Evers,  
playing second base; at shortstop, Joe  
Tinker; and big Frank Chance, as the  
first baseman.

That Cub quartette lived glorious base-  
ball years even though, individually, each  
player was beset by eccentricities. Harry  
Steinfeldt, the third baseman, was morose  
and always kept to himself. Big, husky  
Frank Chance, the greatest first baseman  
of his time, always seemed to fear impend-  
ing doom. While Joe Tinker and Johnny

Evers, although for years they played base-  
ball side by side, never spoke a word to  
each other when off the field.

But while fame had blessed those four  
players of the Cub infield, tough luck and  
tragedy dogged them. Harry Steinfieldt was  
the first to be hit by the curious jinx. In  
1914, Harry suddenly became paralyzed.  
When he finally died after a year of torture,  
he was only 37.

The next victim of the jinx was Frank  
Chance. Towards the end of his playing  
career he was beamed. He was never the  
same man again. For years after, he suf-  
fered great pain and anguish from head-  
aches—and then he became a victim of the  
dread disease of tuberculosis and died.

Johnny Evers, the brilliant second base-  
man, could not escape the jinx. When the  
peppery little infielder left baseball he had  
a fortune of close to a quarter of a million  
dollars, but he soon lost it all. Then he  
suffered a stroke which paralyzed his right  
arm and leg and cost him partial loss of his  
voice. For years Evers remained a helpless  
invalid, sentenced to a wheelchair, until  
death finally released him.

And Joe Tinker, the double-play short-  
stop, also fell victim to the doom. When he  
left baseball he seemed headed for fortune  
and happiness, he ran his baseball earnings  
into a fortune of half a million dollars. But  
suddenly his savings were swept away.  
Added to his financial troubles, Joe suffered  
domestic tragedies. His first wife died and  
so did his second. He had many serious ill-  
nesses, and he lost a leg. Years of misery  
finally came to an end for one-legged Joe  
Tinker, who on his 65th birthday decided it  
was time to join his teammates in Valhalla.

What was this strange fate that pursued  
all the four players who made baseball his-  
tory? Out of four men, all died after years  
of torture, pain and misery. Sad lexicon,  
indeed.

What a void your publication has filled  
in the hearts and minds of sports-minded  
people. Keep up the great work.

JAMES J. MCCULLOUGH

Atlantic City, N.J.

## SPAGHETTI LEGS

Sirs:  
Congratulations on your interest in mara-  
thon running. Your subscriber has com-  
peted in two Boston A. A. Marathon Races  
back in 1933 and 1934, finishing both of  
these events in a little over four hours!  
The first time I got away with the race in  
pretty good shape. In my second attempt,  
however, I was crawling around on all fours  
about eight miles from the finish and can  
fully appreciate the agony which afflicted  
both Peters and Donaldo in the two races  
which SI has so interestingly covered.

I just had to finish that 1934 B.A.A.



Marathon. It was getting late, and there wasn't anyone around who gave a hoot about giving me any assistance! It is indeed a very weird feeling when you know that you should keep moving but are completely unable to control those legs of spaghetti!

JOHN C. RICE, JR.

Boston

#### THE MAPLE LEAF ON HIS JERSEY

Sir:

I have been an enthusiastic reader of *SI* since its inception and in order to keep the record for good reporting clear, would like to point out an error in your last issue.

The article *Marathon Craze* has a picture of a group of contestants at Madison Square Garden, showing Shrubbs of England, Dorando of Italy, Ives of France and Longboat, Hayes and Maloney as Americans. While this may be theoretically correct, insofar as continental location is concerned, it should be pointed out that Tom Longboat was a Canadian and can be seen wearing the Maple Leaf emblem on his jersey. As a former Canadian who watched him run many times, and saw him beat Shrubbs in the same Madison Square Garden, I think you should retract this false classification.

ROY R. NORDBERGER

Chicago

● Cug-wa-gee, called Tom Longboat, was a Canadian Iroquois Indian who became one of the greatest distance runners of all time without ever taking his training too seriously. At one time he set a Boston Marathon record, defeated both Shrubbs and Dorando, and out-raced a horse and buggy over a 12-mile course. Unlike Jim Thorpe, Tom never dropped into obscurity, died a well-remembered hero in 1949 on Ottawa's Onondaga Reservation.—ED.

#### TOO GREEN FOR CRIMSON

Sir:

That very good shot of Bo McMillin eluding the two Harvard players for the 4-1 which gave little Centre College the 6-0 victory over the Crimson calls to mind the subsequent dramatic football finale of Erwin Gehrlke of Harvard, one of the players depicted in this photo as moving his man!

Gehrlke returned to Harvard, after having stayed out of college for a year, in the fall of 1924. In the Harvard-Yale game, which was played at New Haven that year, Gehrlke appeared on the scene on crutches. Despite a badly battered leg, he shed the crutches, started for Harvard at halfback, and carried the ball innumerable times for innumerable first downs. Before the half had ended, he had kicked two field goals with a water-soaked ball in the driving rain! To be sure, a highly efficient Yale team beat Harvard that year 19-6, but all the kh scoring was made during the second half—after Gehrlke had been removed

from the game because of furin injuries.

Crimson rooters, who remember this game, like to think of it in terms of Gehrlke 6, Yale 0, for that is the way things really were when this fellow was forced to leave this contest. May I suggest that Gehrlke was only a sophomore and very green when the 1924 Harvard-Centre picture was taken!

JOHN C. RICE, JR.

Boston



GEHRLKE KICKS OFF

● Runner Rice had a busy week. See page 89.—ED.

#### REVAL PIONEERS

Sir:

Mr. J. Edgar Hoover's contribution to the *HORNBOW* (81, Oct. 25) includes this statement: "Walter Camp selected his first mythical team in 1889" ... referring to the first All-American football team. Mr. Hoover has apparently accepted what may be called the "Camp Legend" and is not aware of the following facts.

1) The selections for 1889 and 1890 were first published in *Week's Sport*, a periodical conducted by Caspar Whitney. No credit line of authorship is given.

2) Under Caspar Whitney's credit line, teams for 1891-1896 first appeared in *Harper's Weekly*. In the issue of Dec. 12, 1891, the *Week's Sport* selections for 1889 and 1896 were repeated with no mention of Camp as author or collaborator.

3) Beginning with the 1894 issue, the *Official Football Guide*, which was edited by Walter Camp, listed the 1889-1896 teams with authorship credit being specifically given to Caspar Whitney.

4) The first team known to have carried a Walter Camp credit line was a team (with second and third teams) for 1897 which appeared in Whitney's "Amateur Sport" department of *Harper's* while Whitney was on a world sports tour.

5) Whitney's last selection for *Harper's* were teams for 1898 and 1899.

6) Camp made selections for *Collier's* *Weekly*, beginning with teams (first, second and third) for 1898 and annually thereafter, including teams for 1924 except

that he selected no teams of college players for 1917.

7) In the *Collier's* issue of Jan. 14, 1899 Camp listed the 1889-1896 teams. In the issue of Jan. 28, 1899 Camp said: "In giving the list of All-American teams for a number of years in a recent issue it was my intention to state that the selections were those of Mr. Caspar Whitney in *Harper's Weekly*."

CLARENCE G. McDAVITT

Newtonville, Mass.

● Both Walter Camp and Editor Whitney pioneered in the selection of annual All-America teams, but generally avoided crediting the other for his share in the work. Reader McDavitt, himself an authority on early All-America teams, is correct in stating that Camp gave Whitney (whom he succeeded as editor of the *Official Football Guide*) credit for the '89-'96 selections. But Camp also claimed in the 1899 *Guide* that the idea of annual All-America selections was his own.—ED.

#### WHAT TRADITIONS?

Sir:

"WHEN THE PROS COME MARCHING IN" PROVIDES ANOTHER LINK IN OUR TIME-HONORED CONTENTION THAT "THE PEOPLE WILL DETERMINE WHAT THEY WANT TO SEE" REGARDLESS OF DECRETES HUNG DOWN BY UNIVERSITY MEN IMBRED WITH ACADEMIC TRADITIONS.

NICK KERBAWY

General Manager, Detroit Lions  
Detroit, Mich.

#### I HAVE PLAYED THE GAME

Sir:

I was impressed with the article on the U.S.S.R.'s plan to win the 1956 Olympic Games at Melbourne. As I read through the article I could not help recalling a lost Olympic, the Second Asian Games held in Manila, Philippines. There a Japanese team came that was a replica of your Russian juggernaut. One line in the article is most apt, i.e., "Nothing is being left to chance."

Control of Japanese athletics is also cabinet status. They practiced, dead-set, with almost monotonous regularity. Their officials, including newspapermen, cameramen, radio announcers, almost outnumbered their athletic delegates. And as decidedly as the Russians did, they won. They have something over the Russians, though. When they lose, they weep, and openly.

So, come 1956, look both ways now. It may be the hammer and sickle on the left but then to the right or in between. It may be the Rising Sun.

I am a Filipino. Between us and the Japs there is not much love today. But what I have written is not grudgingly done. I have played the game too often and too long to know the democracy of the playing field.

SEVERINO S. SARMIENTA, M.D.

Peoria, Ill.

continued on next page



## MRS. MECKLEY'S ORGUEL

Sir:

I would like to thank you for the story about me (SI, Nov. 8) written by Mr. Lockett. I want to congratulate you on a wonderful sports magazine and to tell you how eagerly I await each issue. But I feel I must tell you how very unhappy and disappointed I was to see the picture you printed of me—it was awful! (Please take a look at it.) Dozens of people have called and said, "How very terrible"—"It could be anyone or anything." What a going-over I'm getting. . . .

Truly, I was ashamed of it, and I'm wondering why or how any person could have allowed such a terrible picture to go into such a lovely magazine. . . .

Thank you for your kind attention and I still love your magazine and shall keep my friends buying same. I have heard so many nice things about it from so many people.

BETTY MECKLEY

Washington, D.C.



MRS. MECKLEY

● Better?—ED.

## VICE-PRESIDENT MARSHALL UP-DATED

Sir:

It is a pleasure to read a sports magazine which deals in nothing but the truth and not a lot of hokum. I feel I must go along with that old saying: "What this country needs is a good five-cent cigar." But change it to read: "... a good weekly sports magazine." I feel that you gentlemen have found this in SI. For my money, it is the best on the market today.

As I live in Canada and thrive especially on that wonderful game of hockey, I am looking forward to seeing many articles on the same. Such as one of the New York Rangers, who are making a game attempt to build themselves into a good contender this season.

My hat is also off to your wonderful columnists, especially Jerome Weidman, who is always good for a few laughs.

W. H. HOLLAND

Rockville, Ont.

● For Reader Holland and other Canadian hockey fans, SI, Dec. 6 will run a color story on Montreal's famed Canadiens, including fabulous Maurice Richard.—ED.

## APPARENTLY

Sir:

Please refer to HOTBOX in SI, Oct. 11 where June Byers gives an emphatically negative answer to Jemall's question, "Do

sports tend to make women less feminine?" adding: "... each day I wear diamonds valued at \$30,000 because they always look so new." Then read enclosed clipping (see cut) from Kansas City Star. Apparently your readers are not all sports.

DAN ROBERTSON

Kansas City

## BIG ROAD HOLOUP

Woman Wrestler, Her Husband,  
and Friend Robbed of \$21,479  
in Cash and Diamonds.

## THE MAN IS BEATEN UP

Four Men Armed With Pistols,  
All Except One Masked, Use  
Red Light and Siren.

(By The Star's Own Service)

Stewartsville, Mo., Oct. 23.—Muscles yielded to revolvers and pistols early today when a woman wrestler, her manager and husband and a friend were robbed of jewelry and money valued at \$21,479 on a sideroad near here.

The victims were June Byers who had contested in a match at St. Joseph, Mo., last night, and Billy Wolfe, manager and husband of June Byers, and Betty Floyd, who was traveling with them.



BYERS (TOP, AT WORK)

## PLEASE SEND

Sir:

Please send the address of where I might purchase the Capetio short jockey hoots and the other items of the article Nabs, Balts & Carrolls.

Also I would like to know if these are sold anywhere in Los Angeles.

Thank you very much.

We are enjoying SI more than we thought possible. My husband reads every word each week.

Mrs. VIVIAN W. WILSON

Los Angeles

● All are available in L.A. Boots at I. Magnin; coveralls at Jane Ford Show-

room, and for the jewelry see J. W. Robinson.—ED.

## REVIVAL

Sir:

SI can chalk up a first: revival of a song played around 26 years ago!

The chance meeting of "My Yellow Jacket Girl" by Martin Kane (SI, Oct. 1) and Nov. 1) started the ball rolling. Georgia Tech, now a co-ed institution, is going to start playing it again. And queries of where to buy the song are already coming my way.

Thanks to you.

NICHOLAS E. CHOTAS, Asst. Prof.  
UNIVERSITY OF FLORIDA

Gainesville, Fla.

## WRONG LOUSE

Sir:

In your Nov. 1st issue the excerpt about the Cinderella horse was mighty interesting.

However, I'd like to know one thing: what the hell ever happened to that house-of-a-dairy-farmer? SI gives no inkling as to whether or not the A.S.P.C.A. did anything about his cruelties to that wonderful horse. Did this dastard go unpunished?

MARK HANNA

New York

● According to Veterinarian O'Day, who bought the Angel from the farmer, the negligent party was the horse's original owner, who abandoned him. No charges were ever filed.—ED.

## CUCU'S BIG DAY

Sir:

Atticus, columnist for the London Sunday Times, comes up with some interesting information regarding the defection of the two Rumanian jockeys which was omitted from SI's Nov. 1 report on an Iron Carfaxis Racer Day when he writes:

"The main event of the first afternoon at the International Race Meeting at the Hoppegarten in East Berlin, Sept. 29-30, was the Stallard Stakes.

"At the briefing of the jockeys before the race, it was explained quite clearly that the Russians were to win and there was, therefore, horror in the judges' box when Cucu, on a Rumanian horse, clocked in an easy first.

"Worse was to come. The orchestra had the Soviet anthem set up on their music stands and there was an embarrassing delay before scores of the Rumanian national anthem could be distributed. But saboteurs had been at work, and what finally emerged were the raucous strains of the old anthem of the Rumanian royal family.

"The trainer of the winning horse was hauled up before the race committee and officially rebuked. Next came Cucu, who stoutly maintained that he had peacefully pulled his horse's head off and that if there was any political deviation it was the horse's and not his.

"But the hubbub continued and, fearing the worst, Cucu, with another famous Rumanian jockey, Jon Pal, waited till after the last race and then fled to West Berlin."

MELVILLE E. STONE

New York

## AL'S LITTLE BOY

Sir:

We are subscribers to SI and think the

magazine covers sports quite adequately—your photography is exceptional.

I happened to notice my husband's photograph above the child's bed in SI, Oct. 28—it is such a clever scene that I would love to have a larger copy to frame for my own little boy's room. Would it be possible for you to have a print made up for me?

MRS. AL ROSEN

Dothan, Ala.



CLEVER LITTLE BOY

● A print of Kansas City's remarkably successful supplicant (see cat) goes to the Rosen family, with SI's best wishes to slugging Third Baseman Al.—ED.

#### WHERE?

Where? You advertise your magazine in a full page in the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

But where can a person get one in this city without going downtown.

I went to about five places and could not buy one.

All I could get out of the people selling magazines was that "they came in yesterday. I guess they are all sold out."

I would like to see one.

ROBERT J. DEVANEO

Cleveland

● Call MA 1-5850.—ED.

#### COMING UP

Have enjoyed practically all issues of this magazine, especially those that have included articles and pictures on football (both college and pro) and on all kinds of race cars, but there is one thing that I am waiting for and that is basketball.

I would like to see SI cover the basketball picture, like you have baseball and football. Can never find out all the information I would like on the pro players in the N.B.A.

We travel 80 miles on Sunday night to see the Nat's play in Syracuse. We must be fans or crazy??

CARLTON E. BRIERTON

Black River, N.Y.

● SI, Dec. 14 features preseason round-up of college basketball.—ED.

#### DEAR DIARY

Mr. Austin Wehrwein, in your coverage of the Ohio State vs. Wisconsin game at Columbus, states: "This defeat was the worst State ever visited upon the Badgers."

Well, my diary isn't handy, but in 1948 or 1949, I sat in the stadium at Camp Ran-

dall and watched Ohio State beat Wisconsin 21-0. Or am I wrong?

WILLIAM GAULT

Pacific Palisades, Calif.

● SI, belatedly consulting its own diary, finds Reader Gault correct; the year was '49.—ED.

#### NOT ONE LINE

I note in your most recent issue of SI you printed a picture of the Japanese billiard star participating in a recent tournament in South America. However, I was disappointed in not finding one line about the new World Champion Three-Cushion Billiard Player who won that particular tournament, Mr. Harold Worst, who resides in Grand Rapids, Michigan. It seems to me he should rate some pictures and a story. Do you agree?

K. Z. HOWLAND

Grand Rapids, Mich.



OLD AND NEW MASTERS

● Twenty-five-year-old Harold Worst, picked by the great Willie Hoppe himself (SI, Nov. 15) to defend the championship, gratified his mentor by becoming on Oct. 25 in Buenos Aires, the youngest World Three-Cushion Billiards Champion. Hoppe became convinced of Worst's abilities several years ago, took him on an exhibition tour with him. The winner on points: Harold Worst.—ED.

#### THE HANDLING IS EXCELLENT

I enjoyed the article (Nashua's Sire and Mr. Fitz) in SI very much and think it was beautifully handled. I am surprised to read in it that Nasrullah is presently second to Hyperion, as it was my understanding that he was in front, and the last issue of Horse and Hound so carries him. However, I imagine something has developed in the interim and that you have checked on it. I thought the handling not only of the horse, but of Mr. Fitz was excellent, and I congratulate you and the magazine on the way it was done. As a matter of fact, the material on horse racing in this week all seemed very good.

A. B. HANCOCK JR.

Manager, Claiborne Farm

Paris, Ky.

● The two great sires alternate in heading the English Winning Sires list. The latest figures give Hyperion's set a £2,500 edge over Nasrullah.—ED.

#### THE PERFECT GAME

Sirs:

Re: your special contributor for football—Herman Hickman—the one-platoon.

I take exception to the statement—"The fans like the one-platoon football best!" I am a fan and I don't like it! In the last two years there have been no such games played as those played by the 1947 Michigan two-platoon team—conference and Rose Bowl champions.

The most perfect game ever played by any one team was that 35-0 game Michigan State took from Notre Dame, the great two-platoon team of MSC, national champions of 1952. There were no errors committed that day by either the defense or the offense.

The little men who make the rules have tried to equalize football for all by legislation. It would have been much simpler to have ruled that only 35 players home or traveling squads can be dressed for any one game; and that a school may dress different men next week, but only 33 at any one time. This is the usual size of pro squads.

Your magazine is doing well in its first two months. In writing this I am assuming that it is good to stand for something. I sincerely believe there has been no remedy to college football in these two seasons of legislation. Every college is worse off than before. The pros are gaining in popularity by leaps and bounds.

LOUIS G. HALL

Adrian, Mich.

● Says our Mr. Hickman:

From Michigan State's viewpoint the 35-0 defeat of Notre Dame might have been the perfect game but I am sure that Notre Dame did not have the same feeling. College football is only important because it's a game for the participants to enjoy—no one should be forced to be just an offensive center.—ED.

#### LIKE'S HUMOR

Sirs:

You guys certainly have readers in high places. Take, for instance, this SOUTHWEST item, Oct. 25:

"Johnny: What is an atheist, Pop?"

"Pop: An atheist is a man who doesn't care who wins the Notre Dame-S.M.U. game."

Now take Ruth Montgomery's Washington column in the New York Daily News, Nov. 6:

"Even though President Eisenhower could see the political handwriting on the wall, he managed to keep his sense of humor during the closing days of the campaign."

"Early this week, after an appraising look at the long faces about him, he asked solemnly: 'Boys, do you know the definition of an atheist?'"

"His party workers snapped to attention. Obviously the boss had some important message on Communism."

"Then, relaxing easily, Ike grinned: 'An atheist is a guy who watches a Notre Dame-S.M.U. football game and doesn't care who wins.'"

Congratulations.

LAFILLAN HARRIS

New York

# A FOOTBALL LETTER WE GET

A Dutch visitor whose only previous acquaintance with football was Harold Lloyd's 'The Freshman' tells about the Ohio-Northwestern game

AFTER it was all over, I wasn't quite clear as to whether I had seen a game, a battle or a rehearsal for a musical revue. It starts out gaily: the spectators come from all directions. Their



cheeks are red from the wind, they carry shiny cushions under their arms and they all wear the good-looking, ready-made clothing that I already know from the ads in American magazines.

The band has marched on and marched off again, like a ballet of wooden soldiers from an old-fashioned operetta. In the meantime an ominous note has appeared on both sides of the field. It looks like the supporters of two warring medieval orders of knighthood. On one side they wear gray helmets and red capes, on the other white helmets and blue capes. Each group clusters together in a menacing attitude. Somewhat alarmed, I ask my neighbor



what this means. "Oh, those are only the substitutes." He shrugs.

There have now appeared on each side of the field frenetically active bands of young people—five in creamy white on one side, six in scarlet on the other. My neighbor, a patient man, again enlightens me: "Those are the cheerleaders." The whites, from Northwestern, go through figures as complicated as those of a quadrille; the Ohio State boys stick to very simple formations but execute them with such overpowering zeal that the effect would be spellbinding if it weren't also comical.

In the meantime, the five from Evanston have found reinforcement in a whole ballet of girls. Every time the game slackens off, they bounce up and shake their white and purple plumes in the rhythm of a hula-hula dance. All this produces much cheering from the stands, especially from the students, who form a sort of yelling square in the middle of the stadium. When the score is 7-6 and Ohio has to kick, the red cheerleaders throw themselves to their knees and start a sort of belly gymnastics that quite unexpectedly reminds me of a mosque in Marrakech where I once saw a lot of Arabs go through their morning prayer. All in all, cheerleading is a fascinating business to a European not used to organized applause. It is a sort of mixture of ath-



letic training, jazz ballet and community prayer.

The players, with shiny, lacquered, sphere-like heads above monstrous menacing shoulders, first make the impression of frightening, strange creatures, escaped from science fiction. Only later, when by repetition I get to know the movements, do they become human.

In those hurtling maneuvers there is a manifestation of brute human force that may give the machinebound American a feeling of liberation. And in that lightning swiftness that perpetually gets smothered in grass, there is an elementary beauty. It took at least 10 playing minutes before I caught on to the rules—the last time I had seen the game was when Harold Lloyd played "The Freshman"—but it took the game only a few seconds to thrill me.

After a while I begin to discover nuances, even if massive ones. Obviously this is also a game of fake movements, and from the varying noises of anxious or amused astonishment emitted by the crowd it is clear that at times the fans are even more fooled

than the players. Even when a man is hurled to the ground, it doesn't necessarily mean anything. Just now, after the umpire's whistle, one is extricating himself with the utmost difficulty from the streamlined giants on top of him and limping off the field. Turns out he never even had the ball.

## SOUNDS OF HOME

"Now he's a hero," sneers a man behind me. "Sloppy technique," agrees his neighbor. This sounds like home. Apparently fans the world over have the same tendency for understating the praise and overstating the blame. Like the irritation of a lover who cannot bear to see the object of his love fail and expects her skill to be as absolute as his enthusiasm. The result in each case is strikingly unreasonable.

"Hold on to that ball," somebody is shouting in a tone of deep injury. Another fan approaches the problem from the other side: "Go after that ball," he yells, "you can't play without it!" Suddenly a Northwestern end runs free, but when the ball is thrown to him he lets it bounce off his chest. A fifty-thousandfold sigh, oooh-H-nooo rises from the crowd. The two Os are distinctly separated by an H; the first one is of disappointment, the second one of disapproval. That, too, is international.

It was 7-0. It became 7-7. It ends 7-14. At the end signal, a gang of Ohio students rushes down for an attack on the goal. The only result is a crossbar, carried around the field at a jog trot. The band has now marched on, but between their stiff ranks winds a wild polonaise of young people with the red



flags of Ohio. Nobody objects and I get the impression that not a few Northwesterners, fired by the happy spirit of a home-coming celebration, would have loved to join the polonaise.

—SAL TAB

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